THE REGICIDE:

OR,

JAMES the FIRST,

OF

SCOTLAND.

A

TRAGEDY.

By the Author of RODERICK RANDOM.

—Τὸν δ' ὑμνοποιὸν, αὐτὸς ἂν τίκτη μελη,
Χαιροντα τίκτειν.— Eurip. IKETIΔ.

Hunc——————
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus ſilvarum, aptumque bibendis
Fontibus aonidum—— JUVENAL.

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MDCCXLIX.

DOUBTS:

TRACEDY

OF

SCOTLAND:

OR

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THE

PREFACE.

WHatever Reluctance I have to trouble the Publick, with a Detail of the Mortifications I have ſuffered, in my Attempts to bring the enſuing Performance on the Stage; I think it a Duty incumbent upon me, to declare my Reaſons for preſenting it in this extraordinary Manner; and if the Explanation ſhall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid Reader will charge my Impertinence upon thoſe who drove me to the Neceſſity of making ſuch an ineffectual Appeal.

Beſides, I flatter myſelf, that a fair Repreſentation of the Uſage I have met with, will be as a Beacon, to caution other inexperienced Authors againſt the Inſincerity of Managers, to which they might otherwiſe become egregious Dupes; and, after a cajoling Dream of good Fortune, wake in all the Aggravation of Diſappointment.

Although I claim no Merit from having finiſhed a Tragedy at the Age of Eighteen; I cannot help thinking myſelf intitled to ſome ſhare of Indulgence, for the Humility, Induſtry and Patience, I have exerted during a Period of ten Years, in which this unfortunate Production hath been expoſed to the Cenſure of Criticks of all Degrees; and in Conſequence of their ſeveral Opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended Times without Number.

Had ſome of thoſe who were pleaſed to call themſelves my Friends, been at any Pains to deſerve the Character, and told me ingenuouſly what I had to expect in the Capacity of an Author, when I firſt profeſſed myſelf of that venerable Fraternity, I ſhould in all Probability, have ſpared myſelf the incredible Labour and Chagrin I have ſince undergone: But as early as the Year 1739, my Play was taken into the Protection of one of thoſe little Fellows who are ſometimes called great Men; and like other Orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with Reſentment, which I miſtook for Contempt, I reſolved to puniſh this barbarous Indifference, and actually diſcarded my Patron; conſoling myſelf with the barren Praiſe of a few Aſſociates, who, in the moſt indefatigable Manner, employed their Time and Influence, in collecting from all Quarters Obſervations on my Piece, which, in conſequence of thoſe Suggeſtions, put on a new Appearance almoſt every Day, until my Occaſions called me out of the Kingdom.

—Soon after my Return, I and my Production were introduced to a late Patentee, of courteous Memory, who (reſt his Soul!) found Means to amuſe me a whole Seaſon, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next Year; adviſing me to make my Application more early in the Winter, that we might have Time to concert ſuch Alterations, as ſhould be thought neceſſary for its ſucceſsful Appearance on the Stage.—But I did not find my Account in following this wholeſome Advice; for, to me, he was always leſs and leſs at Leiſure. In ſhort after ſundry Promiſes, and numberleſs Evaſions, in the Courſe of which, he practiſed upon me the whole Art of Procraſtination,

tination, I demanded his final Anſwer, with ſuch Obſtinacy and Warmth, that he could no longer reſiſt my Importunity, and refuſed my Tragedy in plain Terms.—Not that he mentioned any material Objections to the Piece itſelf; but ſeemed to fear my Intereſt was not ſufficient to ſupport it in the Repreſentation; affirming, that no dramatic Compoſition, however perfect, could ſucceed with an *Engliſh* Audience by its own Merit only; but muſt entirely depend upon a Faction raiſed in its Behalf.—Incenſed at this unexpected Declaration, I reproached him bitterly, for having trifled with me ſo long; and, like my Brother *Bayes*, threaten'd to carry my Performance to the other Houſe.

This was actually my Intention, when I was given to underſtand by a Friend, that an Nobleman of great Weight, had expreſſed an Inclination to peruſe it; and that, as Intereſt was requiſite, I could not do better than gratify his Deſire with all Expedition. I committed it accordingly to the Care of my Counſellor, who undertook to give me a good Account of it in leſs than a Fortnight: But four Months elapſed before I heard any Tidings of my Play; and then it was retrieved by pure Accident (I believe) from the moſt diſhonourable Apartment of his Lordſhip's Houſe.

Enraged at the Behaviour of this ſupercilious Peer, and exceedingly mortified at the Miſcarriage of all my Efforts, I wreaked my Reſentment upon the innocent Cauſe of my Diſgraces, and forthwith condemned it to Oblivion, where in all Probability, it would have for ever ſlept, like a miſerable Abortion; had not a young Gentleman of Learning and Taſte waked my paternal Senſe, and perſwaded

ſwaded me not only to reſcue it from the Tomb, where it had lain two whole Years; but alſo to new model the Plan, which was imperfect and undigeſted before, and mould it into a regular Tragedy, confined within the Unities of the Drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the Hands of a Gentleman who had wrote for the Stage, and happened to pleaſe him ſo much, that he ſpoke of it very cordially to a young Nobleman, ſince deceaſed, who in the moſt generous Manner, charged himſelf with the Care of introducing it to the Publick; and, in the mean time, honour'd me with his own Remarks, in Conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his Lordſhip to the new Manager of *Drury-lane* Theatre. It was about the latter End of the Seaſon, when this candid Perſonage, to whom I owe many Obligations for the Exerciſes of Patience he has ſet me, received the Performance, which, ſome Weeks after, he returned, aſſuring my Friend, that he was pre-ingaged to another Author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reſerve it 'till the enſuing Winter, he would bring it on.—In the Interim, my noble Patron left *London*, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conſcientious Manager next Seaſon, inſtead of fulfilling his own Promiſe and my Expectation, gratified the Town with the Production of a Player, the Fate of which every Body knows.

I ſhall leave the Reader to make his Reflections on this Event, and proceed to relate the other Particulars of Fortune, that attended my unhappy Iſſue, which in the ſucceeding Spring, had the good Luck to acquire the Approbation of an eminent Wit, who propoſed a few Amendments, and recommended

commended it to a Perſon, by whoſe Influence, I laid my Account with ſeeing it appear at laſt, with ſuch Advantage as ſhould make ample Amends for all my Diſappointments.

But here too, I reckoned without my Hoſt. The Maſter of *Covent-Garden* Theatre, bluntly rejected it, as a Piece altogether unfit for the Stage; even after he had told me, in Preſence of another Gentleman, that he believed he ſhould not venture to find Fault with any Performance which had gained the good Opinion of the honourable Perſon who approved and recommended my Play.

Baffled in every Attempt, I renounced all Hopes of its ſeeing the Light, when a humane Lady of Quality, interpoſed ſo urgently in its Behalf, with my worthy Friend the other Manager, that he very complaiſantly received it again, and had Recourſe to the old Myſtery of Protraction, which he exerciſed with ſuch Succeſs, that the Seaſon was almoſt conſumed, before he could afford it a Reading.—My Patience being by this Time quite exhauſted, I deſired a Gentleman, who intereſted himſelf in my Concerns, to go and expoſtulate with the Vaticide: And indeed, this piece of Friendſhip he performed with ſo much Zeal, upbraiding him with his evaſive and preſumptuous Behaviour, that the ſage Politician was enraged at his Reprimand; and in the Mettle of his Wrath, pronounced my Play a wretched Piece, deficient in Language, Sentiment, Character and Plan. My Friend, who was ſurpriſed at the Hardneſs and Severity of this Sentence, aſking how he came to change his Opinion, which had been more favourable when the Tragedy was firſt put into his Hands; he anſwered, that his Opinion

nion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an Expreſſion in its Favour.

This was an unlucky Aſſertion—For, the other immediately produced a Letter which I had received from the young Nobleman two years before, beginning with theſe Words——

"Sir, I have received Mr. *L*—'s Anſwer; who "ſays, he thinks your Play has indubitable Merit, "but has prior Promiſes to Mr. *T*—*n*, as an honeſt "Man, cannot be evaded."—And concluding thus; "As the Manager has promiſed me the Choice of "the Seaſon next Year, if you'll be adviſed by me, "reſt it with me."

After having made ſome Remarks ſuitable to the Occaſion, my Friend left him to chew the Cud of Reflection, the Reſult of which was, a Meſſage to my Patroneſs, importing, (with many Expreſſions of Duty) that neither the Circumſtances of his Company, nor the advanced Seaſon of the Year, would permit him to obey her Command, but if I would wait till next Winter, and during the Summer, make ſuch Alterations as I had agreed to, at a Conference with ſome of his principal Performers, he would aſſuredly put my Play in Rehearſal, and in the mean time give me an Obligation in Writing, for my further Satisfaction.—I would have taken him at his Word, without Heſitation, but was perſuaded to diſpenſe with the proffered Security, that I might not ſeem to doubt the Influence or Authority of her Ladyſhip.—The Play (however) was altered and preſented to this upright Director, who renounced his Engagement, without the leaſt Scruple, Apology or Reaſon aſſigned.—

Thus

Thus have I in the moſt impartial Manner, (perhaps too circumſtantially) diſplayed the Conduct of thoſe Play-houſe Managers with whom I have had any Concern, relating to my Tragedy: And whatever Diſputes have happened between the Actors and me, are ſuppreſſed as frivolous Animoſities unworthy of the Reader's Attention.

Had I ſuffered a Repulſe when I firſt preſented my Performance, I ſhould have had Cauſe to complain of my being excluded from that Avenue to the public Favour, which ought to lie open to all Men of Genius; and how far I deſerve that Diſtinction, I now leave the World to decide; after I have in Juſtice to myſelf, declared that my Hopes of Succeſs were not derived from the partial Applauſe of my own Friends only, but inſpired (as ſome of my greateſt Enemies know) by the Approbation of Perſons of the firſt Note in the Republic of Taſte; whoſe Countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual Introduction to the Stage.

Be that as it will; I hope the unprejudiced Obſerver will own, with Indignation and Diſdain, that every Diſappointment I have endured, was an accumulated Injury; and the whole of my Adverſary's Conduct, a Series of the moſt unjuſtifiable Equivocation and inſolent Abſurdity: For, though he may be excuſable in refuſing a Work of this kind, either on Account of his Ignorance or Diſcernment; ſurely, neither the one nor the other can vindicate his Diſſimulation and Breach of Promiſe to the Author.

Abuſe of Prerogative, in Matters of greater Importance, prevails ſo much at preſent, and is ſo generally

nerally overlooked, that it is almoſt ridiculous to lament the Situation of Authors, who muſt either, at once, forego all Opportunities of acquiring Reputation in Dramatic Poetry; or humble themſelves ſo, as to ſooth the Pride, and Humour the Petulance of a meer *Goth*, who by the moſt prepoſterous Delegation of Power, may become ſole Arbiter of this kind of Writing.

Nay granting that a Bard is willing to proſtitute his Talents ſo ſhamefully, perhaps he may never find an Occaſion to practice this vile Condeſcenſion to Advantage: For, after he has gained Admiſſion to a Patentee, who is often more difficult of Acceſs than a Sovereign Prince, and even made Shift to remove all other Objections; an inſurmountable Obſtacle may be raiſed by the Manager's Avarice, which will diſſuade him from hazarding a certain Expence on an uncertain Iſſue, when he can fill his Theatre without running any Riſk, or diſobliging his principal Actors, by putting them to the trouble of ſtudying new Parts.——

Beſides, he will be apt to ſay within himſelf, "If I muſt entertain the Town with Variety, it "is but natural that I ſhould prefer the Productions of my Friends, or of thoſe who have any "Friends worth obliging, to the Works of ob"ſcure Strangers, who have nothing to recom"mend them but a doubtful Superiority of Merit, "which in all likelihood, will never riſe in Judg"ment againſt me."

That ſuch have been the Reflections of Patentees, I believe no Man of Intelligence and Veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the

the Strength of Intereſt or Connection with the Stage, ſome People have commenced Dramatic Authors, who otherwiſe, would have employed their Faculties in Exerciſes better adapted to their Capacity.

—After what has been ſaid, any thing by way of Application would be an Inſult on the Underſtanding of the Public, to which I owe and acknowledge the moſt indelible Obligation, for former Favours as well as for the uncommon Encouragement I have received in the Publication of the following Play.

Per-

Perſons of the DRAMA.

KING of *Scotland.*

ANGUS.

DUNBAR.

RAMSAY.

ATHOL.

STUART.

GRIME.

CATTAN.

QUEEN.

ELEONORA.

Guards, Attendants, &c:

SCENE, *A Convent in* PERTH.

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM

THE REGICIDE: A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in PERTH.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BUT that my Duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome Office.—Now, when Juſtice waves
Her flaming Sword, and loudly claims her Due,
Thus to arreſt her Arm, and offer Terms
Of Peace to Traitors who avow their Crime,
Is to my Apprehenſion weak, and ſuits
But little with the Majeſty of Kings.——
Why ſleeps the wonted Valour of our Prince?

Ang. Not to th' enſanguin'd Field of Death alone
Is Valour limited: She ſits ſerene
In the delib'rate Council, ſagely ſcans
The Source of Action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And ſcorns to count her Glories, from the Feats
Of brutal Force alone,—
———What Frenzy were it
To riſk our Fortune on th' unſure Event
Of one Occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeſeen Diſaſter, when the Terms
We proffer may retard th' impending Blow?
——Better to conquer by Delay: The Rage
Of *Athol*'s fierce Adherents, flush'd with Hope
Of Plunder and Revenge, will ſoon abate,
And ev'ry Hour bring Succour to our Cauſe.

Dunb. Well ha'ſt thou taught me, how the piercing Eye
Of calm Sagacity, excels the Dint
Of headſtrong Reſolution.——Yet, my Soul
Pants for a fair Occaſion to revenge
My Father's Wrongs on *Athol*'s impious Head!
Yes, *Angus*, while the Blood of *March* revolves
Within my Veins, the Traitor ſhall not find
His Perfidy forgot——— But what of this?
What are my private Injuries, compar'd
To thoſe he meditates againſt the State!
Againſt a Prince with ev'ry Virtue grac'd
That dignifies the Throne, to whom the Ties
Of Kindred and Allegiance could not bind
His faithleſs Heart: Not ev'n the ſacred Bond
Of Friendſhip unreſerv'd!———For well thou know'ſt,
The King ſecurely liſt'ned to his Voice,
As to an Oracle.

Ang. 'Twas there indeed
He triumph'd in his Guile!———Th' unwary Prince
Sooth'd by his falſe Profeſſions, crown'd his Guilt
With boundleſs Confidence and little Thought
That very Confidence ſupply'd his Foe
With Means to ſhake his Throne!——— While *Athol* led
His royal Kinſman thro' the dang'rous Path

Of

Of ſudden Reformation, and obſerv'd
What Murmurs iſſu'd from the giddy Croud;
Each popular Commotion he improv'd
By ſecret Miniſters; and diſavow'd
Thoſe very Meaſures he himſelf deviſed!
Thus cheriſh'd long by his flagitious Arts,
Rebellion glow'd in ſecret, 'till at length
His Scheme mature, and all our loyal Thanes
At their own diſtant Homes repos'd ſecure,
The Flame burſt out.——Now from his native Hills,
With his Accomplice *Grime*, and youthful Heir,
Impet'ous *Stuart*, like a ſounding Storm
He ruſhes down with five revolting Clans;
Diſplays a ſpurious Title to the Crown,
Arraigns the Juſtice of his Monarch's Sway,
And by this ſudden Torrent, means, no doubt,
To ſweep him from the Throne.

Dunb. Aſpiring Villain!
A fit Aſſociate has he choſe: A Wretch
Of Soul more ſavage breathes not vital Air,
Than *Grime*:——But *Stuart* 'till of late, maintain'd
A fairer Fame.

Ang. A cheriſh'd Hope expires
In his Diſhonour too!—While *Stuart*'s Ear
Was deaf to vicious Counſel, and his Soul
Remained unſhaken, by th' enchanting Lure
Which vain Ambition ſpread before his Eye,
He bloom'd the Pride of *Caledonia*'s Youth,
In virtue, Valour and external Grace:——
For thou ſole Rival of his Fame, wa'ſt train'd
To martial Deeds, in Climes remote.

Dunb. O Thane!
Whatever Wreaths from Danger's Steely Creſt
My Sword hath won; whatever Toils ſuſtain'd
Beneath the ſultry Noon, and cold, damp Night;
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial Smile
Of Her, who bleſs'd that happy Rival's Vows
With mutual Love!—Why ſhould I dread to own
The tender Throbbings of my captive Heart!
The melting Paſſion which has long inſpir'd

My Breaſt for *Eleonora*, and implore
A Parent's Sanction to ſupport my Claim?
Ang. Were ſhe more fair and gentle than ſhe is,
And to my partial Eye, nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair, I would approve thy Claim
To her peculiar Smiles.
Dunb. Then will I ſtrive
With unremitted Ardour, to ſubdue
Her coy Reluctance; while I ſcorn the Threats
Of frantic Jealouſy that flames unrein'd
In *Stuart*'s Breaſt!———But ſee! the fair one comes,
In all the Pride of dazz'ling Charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Eleo. Something of Moment, by a freſh Diſpatch
Imparted to the King, requires in Haſte
The Preſence of my Sire.
Ang. Forbear a while
Thy Parly with the Foe; and here attend
Our Conſultation's Iſſue.———

[*Exit* Angus.

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Dunb. Ill it ſuits
A Soldier's Tongue, to plead the Cauſe of Love,
In Phraſe adapted to the tender Theme:
But truſt me, beauteous Wonder! when I ſwear
Not the keen Impulſe, and impatient Hope
Of Glory, glowing in the Warrior's Breaſt,
With more awak'ned Tranſport, fill'd my Soul
When the fierce Battle rag'd, than *that* I feel
At thy Approach!———My Tongue has oft reveal'd
The Dictates of my Heart; but thou, averſe
With cold Diſdain, haſt ever chill'd my Hopes,

And

And ſcorn'd my proffer'd Vows!——
Eleo. O Youth, beware!
Let not the flow'ry Scenes of Joy and Peace,
That faithleſs Paſſion to the View preſents,
Enſnare thee into Woe!—Thou little know'ſt
What Miſchiefs lurk in each deceitful Charm;
What Griefs attend on Love.——
Dunb. Keen are the Pangs
Of hapleſs Love, and Paſſion unapprov'd:
But where conſenting Wiſhes meet, and Vows
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the Tie,
Joy rolls on Joy, an inexhauſted Stream!
And Virtue crowns the ſacred Scene with Peace!
Eleo. Illuſion all! the Phantoms of a Mind
That o'er its preſent Fate repining, Courts
The vain Reſource of Fancy's airy Dreams.——
War is thy Province.—War be thy Purſuit.——
Dunb. O! thou would tell me, I am Savage all——
Too much eſtrang'd to the ſoft Arts of Life,
To warm thy Breaſt!—Yes, War has been my School—
War's rough Sincerity, unſkill'd in Modes
Of peaceful Commerce—Soften'd not the leſs
To pious Truth, Humanity and Love.
Eleo. Yes:—I were envious to refuſe Applauſe,
When ev'ry Mouth is open'd in thy Praiſe.——
I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
Diſtinguiſh'd by thy Choice; and tho' my Heart
Denies thee Love, thy Virtues have acquir'd
Th' Eſteem of *Eleonora*.
Dunb. Oh! thy Words
Would fire the hoary Hermit's languid Soul
With Extaſies of Pride!—How then ſhall I,
Elate with ev'ry vainer Hope, that warms
Th' aſpiring Thought of Youth, thy Praiſe ſuſtain
With Moderation?——Cruelly benign!
Thou haſt adorn'd the Victim; but, alas!
Thou likewiſe giv'ſt the Blow!——
Tho' Nature's Hand
With ſo much Art has blended ev'ry Grace
In thy enchanting Form, that ev'ry Eye

With Tranſport views thee, and conveys unſeen
The ſoft Infection to the vanquiſh'd Soul,
Yet wilt thou not the gentle Paſſion own,
That vindicates thy Sway!—

Eleo. O gilded Curſe!
More fair than roſy Morn, when firſt ſhe ſmiles
O'er the dew-brighten'd Verdure of the Spring!
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell,
Than Syrens, Tempeſts, and devouring Flame!
May I ne'er ſicken, languiſh and deſpair
Within thy dire Domain!—Liſten ye Powers!
And yield your Sanction to my purpos'd Vow—
—If e'er my Breaſt— [*Kneeling.*

Dunb. For ever let me pine
In ſecret Miſery, divorc'd from Hope!
But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own Peace
Perhaps in one raſh Moment—

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, HERALD.

Her. —From the Tower
That fronts the Hills, due North, a moving Hoſt
Is now deſcry'd: And from the ſouthern Gate
A Cloud of Duſt is ſeen to roll, the Gleam
Of burniſh'd Arms, oft thro' the duſky Sphere
Salutes the dazzled Eye;—a loyal Band
With valiant *Ramſay*, from the Banks of *Tweed*,
That haſtens to our Aid.——The firſt, ſuppos'd
The rebel Train of *Athol*.—By Command
Of *Angus*, I attend thee, to demand
An Audience of the Foe.

Dunb. I follow ſtraight.
[*Exit Herald.*

Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
Inſpires the gen'rous Aim of chaſte Deſire,
My Soul contemplates and adores in thee!
Yet will I not with vain Complainings, vex
Thy gentle Nature.—My unblemiſh'd Love
Shall plead in my Behalf. [*Exit* Dunbar.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Eleo. Adieu brave Youth!
Why art thou doom'd to ſuffer fruitleſs Pains!
And why, alas! am I the deſtin'd Wretch
That muſt inflict them?—Agonizing Thought!
I yielded up my fond, believing Heart
To him who baſely left it, for the Charms
Of treacherous Ambition!—hapleſs *Stuart!*
How art thou chang'd! how loſt! thy cruel Fate,
Like a falſe Harlot, ſmiles thee into Ruin!

SCENE VI.

Enter STUART, *diſguiſed like a Prieſt.*

STUART, ELEONORA.

Stua. The mighty Schemes of Empire, ſoar too high
For your Diſtinction, Daughter.—Simple Woman
Is weak in Intellect, as well as Frame,
And judges often from the partial Voice
That ſooths her Wiſhes moſt. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Eleo. Ha, frantic Youth!
What guilty Purpoſe leads thy daring Steps
To this forbidden Place?—Art thou not come
Beneath that ſacred Veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging Hand of Heav'n?
Stua. No—that I tread
The Paths of Danger, where each Boſom pants
With keen Revenge againſt me, ſpeaks aloud
The Fervour of my Love—My Love miſplac'd!
Elſe, would'ſt thou not receive the gen'rous Proof
With Anger and Diſdain.——
Eleo. Have I not Cauſe
To drive thee from my Heart?—Haſt thou not chac'd
All Faith, and Truth, and Loyalty from thine?

Say, haſt thou not conſpir'd againſt thy Prince;
A Prince! who cheriſh'd thee with parent Zeal,
With Friendſhip honour'd thee, and ev'ry Day
With bounteous Favour crown'd thy riſing Wiſh!

Stua. Curſe on his Arts!—his Aim was to enſlave
Th' aſpiring Soul, to ſtifle and repreſs
Th' emerging Dictates of my native Right,
To efface the glowing Images within,
Awak'd by Glory, and retain by Fraud
The Sceptre he uſurps!

Eleo. Inſidious Charge!
As feeble as unjuſt! for, clear as Day
In Courſe direct———

Stua. In idle Argument
Let us not now conſume the precious Hour;
The middle Stream is paſs'd; and the ſafe Shore
Invites our dauntleſs Footſteps—Yonder Sun
That climbs the Noon-tide Arch, already ſees
Twelve thouſand Vaſſals, marching in the Train
Of warlike *Athol*; and before the Shades
Of Ev'ning deepen, *Perth*'s devoted Walls
Will ſhake before them—E'er the Tempeſt roars,
I come to ſnatch thee from th' impending Storm—

Eleo. O impotent of Thought!———O! dead to Shame!
Shall I for pompous Infamy forego
Th' internal Peace that Virtue calls her own!

Stua. Or, ſay, thy Love inconſtant as the Wave,
Another Object claims.—Falſe—— perjur'd Maid!
I mark'd thy Minion, as he charm'd thine Ear
With grov'ling Adulation.—Yes, I ſaw
Thy Looks, in artful Languiſhment, diſcloſe
Thy yielding Soul, and heard thy Tongue proclaim
The Praiſes of *Dunbar*.——

Eleo. Away—away!
I ſcorn thy mean Suſpicion, and renounce
Thy Paſſion with thy Crimes.—Tho' bred in Camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous and humane;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry manly Grace, to win
The coyeſt Virgin's Heart.—

Stua.

Stua. Perdition whelm
The proſtrate Sycophant!———may Heav'en exhauſt
Its Thunder on my Head—may Hell diſgorge
Infernal Plagues to blaſt me, if I ceaſe
To perſecute the Caitif, 'till his Blood
Aſſuage my parch'd Revenge!—perfidious Slave!
To ſteal between me and my darling Hope!—
The Traitor durſt not, had I been—O Vows!
Where is your Obligation?—*Eleonora!*
O lovely Curſe! reſtore me to myſelf!———

Eleo. Rage on fierce Youth, more ſavage than the Storm
That howls on *Thule*'s Shore!—th' unthrifty Maid
Too credulouſly fond! who gave away
Her Heart ſo laviſhly, deſerves to wed
The Woes that from her Indiſcretion flow!—
—Yet ev'n my Folly ſhould, with thee, obtain
A fairer Title and a kinder Fate!———

Stua. Ha! weep'ſt thou?———witneſs all ye ſacred Pow'rs!
Her Philtres have undone me!—lo, my Wrath
Subſides again to Love!—Enchantreſs! ſay,
Why haſt thou robb'd me of my Reaſon thus?

Eleo. Has *Eleonora* robb'd thee!—O recal
Thoſe flatt'ring Arts thy own Deceit employ'd
To wreck my Peace!—recal thy fervent Vows
Of conſtant Faith—thy Sighs and ardent Looks!
Then whiſper to thy Soul, thoſe Vows were falſe—
Thoſe Sighs unfaithful, and thoſe Looks diſguis'd!

Stua. Thou—thou art chang'd—but *Stuart* ſtill the ſame!
Ev'n while thou chid'ſt me, ev'ry tender Wiſh
Awakes anew, and in my glowing Breaſt
Unutterable Fondneſs pants again!—
—Wilt thou not ſmile again, as when, reclin'd
By *Tay*'s ſmooth-gliding Stream, we ſoftly breath'd
Our mutual Paſſion to the vernal Breeze?

Eleo. Adieu—dear Scenes adieu!———ye fragrant Paths
So courted once!—ye ſpreading Boughs, that wave
Your Bloſſoms o'er the Stream!—delightful Shades!

Where the bewitching Muſic of thy Tongue,
Firſt charm'd my captive Soul!—when gentle Love
Inſpir'd the ſoothing Tale!—Love—ſacred Love
That lighted up his Flame at Virtue's Lamp!—

Stua. In Time's eternal Round, ſhall we not hail
Another Seaſon equally ſerene?—
—To Day, in Snow array'd, ſtern Winter rules
The ravag'd Plain—Anon the teeming Earth
Unlocks her Stores, and Spring adorns the Year:
And ſhall not we—while Fate, like Winter, frowns,
Expect revolving Bliſs?

Eleo. —Would'ſt thou return
To Loyalty and me———my faithful Heart
Would welcome thee again!———

Ang. (Within.) Guard ev'ry Gate
That none may 'ſcape———

Eleo. Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?
Diſcover'd and beſet?

Stua. Let *Angus* come—
His ſhort-liv'd Pow'r I ſcorn———

[*Throws away his Diſguiſe.*

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS, *with Guards,* STUART, ELEONORA.

Ang. What dark Reſolve
By gloomy *Athol* plann'd, has hither led
Thy Steps preſumptuous?—*Eleonora*, hence.—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I'll brook no Anſwer— [*Exit* Eleonora.
—Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious Brand on high,
And ſcorch the Face of Faith; that ye thus creep
In ruffian Ambuſh, ſeeking to perform
The Deed ye dare not truſt to open War?

Stua. Thou little know'ſt me—or thy rankling Hate
Defrauds my Courage.—Wherefore ſhould I ſkulk
Like the diſhonour'd Wretch, whoſe hireling Steel
In ſecret lifted, reeks with human Gore,

When

When valiant *Athol* haſtens at the Head
Of warlike Thouſands, to aſſert our Cauſe?
Ang. The Cauſe of Treaſon never was confin'd
To Deeds of open War; but ſtill adopts
The Stab of crouching Murder.—Thy Revolt,
The ſtern Contraction of thy ſullen Brow,
And this Diſguiſe, Apoſtate! ſpeak thee bent
On fatal Errand.——
Stua. That thou ſeeſt me here
Unarm'd, alone, from *Angus* might obtain
A fair Interpretation—*Stuart*'s Love
Pleads not in myſtic Terms; nor are my Vows
To *Eleonora*, cancell'd or unknown——
Vows by thyſelf indulg'd, e'er Envy yet,
Or Folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
The Fortunes of our Foe.—Thy foul Reproach
My Soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud Lord,
Revenge will have its Turn!——
Ang. Ha! muſt I bear
A beardleſs Traitor's Inſults?—'tis not mine
To wage a fruitleſs War of Words with thee,
Vain-glorious Strippling.—While thine Aims were juſt,
I ſeal'd thy Title to my Daughter's Love;
But now, begrim'd with Treaſon, as thou art,
By Heav'n! not Diadems and Thrones ſhall bribe
My Approbation!—but the King himſelf
Shall judge thy Conduct.—Guards—

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELEONORA, *who kneels.*

Eleo. —O! let me thus
Implore Compaſſion, at a Parent's Knees,
Who ne'er refus'd—
Ang. —Convey him hence.——
[Stuart *is led off.*
—Ariſe—
Remember, *Eleonora*, from what Source
Thine Origin is drawn.—Thy Mother's Soul
In Purity excell'd the ſnowy Fleece

That

That cloaths our northern Hills!—her youthful Charms,
Her artleſs Bluſh, her Look ſeverely ſweet,
Her Dignity of Mien and Smiles of Love
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too,
Her Honour's Heireſs—— [*Exit* Angus.

SCENE IX.

Eleo. —Yes—I will adhere
To this ill-omen'd Honour! ſacrifice
Life's promis'd Joys to its auſtre Decree;
And vindicate the Glories of my Race,
At the ſad Price of Peace!——If *Athol*'s Arms
(Which Heav'n avert!) to Treaſon add Succeſs;
My Father's Death will join his Sov'reign's Fall!
And if the Cauſe of Royalty prevail,
Each languid Hope with *Stuart* muſt expire!—

From Thought to Thought, perplex'd, in vain I ſtray,
To pining Anguiſh doom'd, and fell Diſmay!

ACT II. SCENE *Continues.*

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BY Heav'n it glads me, that my Sword ſhall find
An ample Field to Day.—The King arrous'd,
Chafes like a Lion in the Toils betray'd?

Ang. I mark'd his Indignation, as it roſe
At *Athol*'s proud Reply, from calm Concern,
To anxious Tumult, menacing Diſdain,
And overboiling Wrath.—But ſay, my Friend,
How move the Rebels?—Are their Ranks diſpos'd

By

By military Skill?—Or come they on
In undiſtinguiſh'd Crowds?—
Dunb. In Concourſe rude
They ſwarm undiſciplin'd—all arm'd alike
With Sword and Target.—On their firſt Aſſault
(Fearleſs indeed and headlong!) all their Hopes
Of Conqueſt, muſt depend.—If we, unbroke,
Suſtain their Onſet; little ſkill'd in War,
To wheel, to rally and renew the Charge,
Confuſion, Havock and Diſmay will ſeize
Th' aſtoniſh'd Rout.—
Ang. What numbers bring they on?
Dunb. Ten thouſand, as I gueſs.—
Ang. Ours ſcarce amount
To half the Number: Yet with thoſe, we mean,
To hazard an Encounter—Thou, mean while,
Shalt viſit ev'ry Paſſage, ſound th' Alarm,
And man the City-Walls.—Here I attend
The King—and lo! he comes.— [*Exit* Dunbar.

SCENE II.

KING, ANGUS.

King. —The Commonweal
Has been conſulted.—Tenderneſs and zeal
Became the Parent.—Thoſe have nought avail'd.—
Now, let Correction ſpeak the King incens'd!
Ang. Not without Cauſe, my Liege, ſhall dread Rebuke
Attend your royal Wrath.—What Reign ſhall 'ſcape
Rebellion's Curſe, when your paternal Sway
Has hatch'd the baneful Peſt?
King. Let Heaven decide
Between me and my Foes.—That I would ſpare
The guiltleſs Blood which muſt our Quarrel dye,
No other Proof requires, than my Advance
To Reconcilement— oppoſite perhaps
To my own Dignity.—But I will riſe
In Vengeance mighty! and diſpel the Clouds
That have bedimm'd my State.

Ang.

Ang. The Odds are great
Between the Numbers: But our Cauſe is juſt:
Our Soldiers regularly train'd to War,
And not a Breaſt among us, entertains
A Doubt of Victory.

King. O valiant Thane!
Experienc'd oft, and ever truſty found!
Thy penetrating Eye, and active Zeal
Firſt brought this foul Conſpiracy to Light;
And now thy faithful Vaſſals, firſt appear
In Arms for my Defence!—Thy Recompence
My Love ſhall ſtudy.

Ang. Blotted be my Name
From Honour's records, when I ſtand aloof,
Regardleſs of the Danger that ſurrounds
The Fortunes of my Prince!

King. I know thee well.——
Mean time, our Care muſt be, to obviate
With Circumſpection and preventive Skill,
Their Numbers.——In unequal Conflict joins
Th' unweildy Spear that loads the Borderer,
With the broad Targe and expeditious Sword:
The loyal Band that from the Hills of *Lorn*
Arriv'd, ſhall in our Front Advance, and ſtand
With Targe to Targe, and Blade to Blade oppos'd;
The Spears extended from the ſecond Line,
And our light Archers hover to and fro,
To gall their Flanks.—Whatever Accident
In battle ſhall befal, thy Vigilance
Will remedy.—Myſelf will here remain
To guard the Town, and with a ſmall Reſerve,
(If need requires) thine Exigence ſupply.

Ang. With Joy, the glorious Taſk I undertake!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

Ramſ. They halt, and occupy the narrow Paſs
Form'd by the River and th' impending Hill;

With

With Purpoſe (as I deem) to charge our Hoſt
On the ſmall Plain that ſkirts the Town—.
Dunb. 'Tis well——
Thus hemm'd, their uſeleſs Numbers will involve
Themſelves in Tumult, to our Arms ſecure
An eaſy Conqueſt, and retard their Flight.——
To *Angus* hie thee ſtreight with this Advice.——
My Taſk perform'd, I wait the King's Command
In this appointed Place.—— [*Exit* Ramſay.

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

Eleo. I ſought thee, Youth.—
Ere yet this dreadful Criſis ſhall decide
The public Fate, let us to private Woe
Devote one Moment!—Tell me brave *Dunbar*,
Wilt thou not from the Hurry of the Day,
One Moment ſnatch to hear me, and condole
The Anguiſh of my Soul?—
Dunb. O *Eleonora!*
Sooner ſhall the parch'd Traveller refuſe
The gelid Fountain, than my raptur'd Soul
The Muſic of thy Tongue!—What Grief profanes
Thy ſpotleſs Boſom?—happy! far above
The Pride of Conquerors, were I to eaſe
Thy Sorrow's Pangs!—
Eleo. Thy gen'rous Heart alone
Can brook the Enterprize—
Dunb. O! taſk my Love;
That I more ſwift than Gales that ſweep the Plain,
May fly to thy Relief!
Eleo. Then ſummon up
Thoſe elevated Thoughts, that lift the Soul
To Virtue's higheſt Pinnacle; the Boon
My Miſery demands, will crave them all!—
Dunb. Be it to brave the Menaces of Death
In Shape however horrid, ſo my Faith
And Love remain inviolate, my Heart

Beats

Beats with unuſual Ardor; and demands
The Teſt, impatient!—
Eleo. Friendleſs and forlorn,
In Fetters *Stuart* lies!---
Dunb. Ha!
Eleo. From the Snares
Of gloomy Fate releaſe him.—
Dunb. Cruel Maid!—
Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in ſpite
Of Adoration —Could thy Mind ſuggeſt
No forward Slave, to ſet thy Lover free,
But a deſpairing Rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impaſſion'd Soul of Man, to execute
A Deed ſo fatal to its own Repoſe!
Eleo. I ſought not—witneſs ye celeſtial Powers!
To aggravate thy Pain—my Mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in ſilent Woe, nor could unload
Her Burden to another.—Thou alone,
Haſt won my fair Opinion and my Truſt;
And to thy Word indebted, Honour claims
Th' Engagement all her own.—
Dunb. Yet, with Reſerve
Was that impawn'd: My Loyalty and Love
Were ſacred ev'n from that: Nor can I looſe
His Chains without an Injury to Both!——
Eleo. Cold—Unaſpiring is the Love that dwells
With tim'rous Caution; and the Breaſt untouch'd
By Glory's Godlike Fervour, that retains
The Scruples of Diſcretion.—Let the Winds
That have diſpers'd thy Promiſe, ſnatch thy Vows!—
Dunb. Shall I, thro' raſh Enthuſiaſm, wed
Eternal Anguiſh?—Shall I burſt aſunder
The Bonds of awful Juſtice, to preſerve
The Serpent that has poiſon'd all my Peace!—
No, *Eleonora!*—blaſted be——
Eleo. Take heed!
Nor by an Oath precipitate, involve
Thy Fate beyond Reſource: For know, *Dunbar*,
The Love of *Stuart*, with his Guilt abjur'd,
This Morn, my ſolemn Vow to Heav'n appeal'd,
Hath ſever'd us for ever.——

Dunb. Then, I'm ſtill!——
Still as the gentle Calm, when the huſh'd Wave
No longer foams before the rapid Storm!——
Let the young Traitor periſh, and his Name
In dark Oblivion rot.——

Eleo. Shall I, alas!
Supinely ſavage, from my Ears exclude
The Cries of youthful Woe?—of Woe intail'd
By me too!—If my Heart denies him Love,
My Pity, ſure, may flow!—Has he not Griefs
That wake ev'n thy Compaſſion?—Say, *Dunbar*,
Unmov'd could'ſt thou ſurvey th' unhappy Youth
(Whom but this Morn beheld in Pride of Hope
And Pow'r magnificent!) ſtretch'd on the Ground
Of a damp Dungeon groaning with Deſpair!
With not one Friend his Sorrows to divide,
And chear his lone Diſtreſs?——

Dunb. Can I reſiſt
So fair a Motive, and ſo ſweet a Tongue!
When thy ſoft Heart with kind Compaſſion glows,
Shall I the tender Sentiment repreſs?——
No!—let me rather hail the ſocial Pang;
And ev'ry ſelfiſh Appetite ſubdu'd,
Indulge a Flame ſo gen'rous and humane!
—Away with each Emotion that ſuggeſts
A Rival favour'd and a Traitor freed!
My Love unbounded reigns, and ſcorns to own
Reflection's narrow Limits!—Yes, my Fair,
This Hour he ſhall be free.—— [*Exit* Dunbar.

SCENE V.

Eleo. O wond'rous Pow'r
Of Love beneficent!—O gen'rous Youth!
What Recompence (thus bankrupt as I am!)
Shall ſpeak my grateful Soul!—A poor Return
Cold Friendſhip renders to the fervid Hope
Of fond Deſire! and my invidious Fate
Allows no more.——But let me not bewail,
With Avarice of Grief, my private Woe;
When pale with Fear, and harraſs'd with Alarm,

My

My royal Miſtreſs, ſtill benign to me,
The zealous Tender of my Duty claims, [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Diſcovers STUART *in Chains.*

Stua. Curſe on my headſtrong Paſſion!—I have earn'd
The Wages of my Folly!—Is it thus
My faithleſs Deſtiny requites my Hope!

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

Stu. Ha! com'ſt thou to inſult my Chains?—'twas well
My unpropitious Dæmon gave me up
To your Reſentment, tamely.—
Dunb. To exult
Ev'n o'er an Enemy oppreſs'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the Mark
And the mean Triumph of a daſtard Soul.—
'Tis what *Dunbar* diſdains.—Perhaps, I come
To pity, not rejoice at *Stuart*'s Fate.—
Stua. To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n ſo low!—
Ha! Recreant!—move thy Pity!—Hell untie
Theſe ſlaviſh Manacles, that I may ſcourge
This wretched Arrogant!—
Dunb. True Courage ſcorns
To vent her Proweſs in a Storm of Words:
And to the Valiant, Actions ſpeak alone:
Then let my Deeds approve me.—I am come
To give thee inſtant Freedom.——
Stua. Mean'ſt thou Death?—
I ſhall be free then.—An apt Miniſter
Th' Uſurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His ſecret Murders.
Dunb. Why wilt thou belye
Thy own Intelligence?—Thou know'ſt, my Sword
Was ne'er accuſtom'd to the Bravo's Stab;
Nor the Deſigns of him ſo falſely ſtil'd
Uſurper, ever ſully'd with a Stain
Of Cruelty or Guile.—My Purpoſe is, To

To knock thy Fetters off, conduct thee ſafe
Without the City-Confines, and reſtore thee
To Liberty and *Athol*.———
Stua. Fawning Coward!
Thou—thou reſtore me!—thou unbind my Chains!
Impoſſible!—Thy Fears that I may 'ſcape,
Like Vultures gnaw thee!——
Dunb. When the Battle joins,
Thou ſhalt be anſwer'd.——
Stua. When the Battle joins!—
—Away, Diſſembler!—Sooner would'ſt thou beard
The Lion in his Rage, than fairly meet
My Valour on the Plain!
Dunb. Ha! who art thou,
That I ſhould dread thy Threats?—By Heav'ns high Throne!
I'll meet thee in a Deſart, to thy Teeth
Proclaim thy Treachery, and with my Sword
Explore thy faithleſs Heart!—Meanwhile, my Steps
Shall guide thee to the Field. [*Stuart is unchained, and preſented with a Sword.*
Stua. No!—Lightning blaſt me,
If I become thy Debtor, proud *Dunbar!*
Thy nauſeous Benefits, ſhall not enſlave
My freeborn Will.—Here, Captive as I am,
Thy laviſh'd Obligation ſhall not buy
My Friendſhip!—No! nor ſtifle my Revenge!
Dunb. Alike unpleaſant would it be to me,
To court thy Love or deprecate thy Hate:—
What I have proffer'd, other Motives urg'd.—
The Gift is *Eleonora*'s.—
Stua. Sacred Powers!
Let me not underſtand thee!—Thou haſt rous'd
My Soul's full Fury!—In the Blood that warms
Thine Heart, Perfidious, I will ſlake mine Ire!
Dunb. In all my Conduct, inſolent of Heart!
What haſt thou mark'd ſo abject and ſo mean,
That thy foul Tongue its Licence thus avows?
To boundleſs Paſſion ſubject, as thyſelf
Wild Tumult oft my Reaſon overwhelms!—
Then tempt me not too far, leſt blindfold Wrath

Tranſ-

Tranſport my Soul, and headlong Ruin, cruſh
Thy Pride ev'n here!—
Stua. In this accurſed Place
Let me be ſhackled—rivetted with Bolts,
'Till the Ruſt gnaw my Carcaſe to the Bone,
If my Heart throbs not for the Combat, here!—
Ev'n here, where thou art, Lord!—Ha! do'ſt thou ſhake?
By Heav'n, thy quiv'ring Lip and haggard Look
Confeſs pale Terror and Amaze!———
Dunb —Away!—
Away, lewd Railer!—not thy ſtand'rous Throat
So fruitful of Invectives, ſhall provoke me
To wreak unworthy Vengeance on thee, ſafe
In thy Captivity:—But ſoon as War
Shall cloſe th' encountring Hoſts, I'll find thee out—
Aſſert my Claim to *Eleonora*'s Love,
And tell thee, what thou art.
Stua. I burn—I rage!
My fell Revenge conſumes me!—But no more—
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me—Goaded by my Wrongs,
I'll hunt thee thro' the various Scenes of Death!—
Thou ſhalt be found!—
Dunb. I triumph in that Hope.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes.*

KING, QUEEN, *attended.*

King. Couragious *Angus* ſhall not be o'erpower'd—
Myſelf will bring him Aid.—
Queen. Alas my Prince!
King. What means the gentle Part'ner of my Heart?
Diſmiſs thy Fears—This Day will diſſipate
The Cauſe of thy Diſmay.—Ev'n now, I go
To pluck the Wreath of Victory, and lay
Freſh Laurels in thy Lap.
Queen. Ah! why let in
A Train of harpy Sorrows to my Breaſt!
—Ah! why in your own precious Life, expoſe
Your Kingdom's Safety, and your Conſort's Peace!
—Let me reſtrain you from the Field to Day.—

Three

There is no Fame—no Glory to be won
From a Revolter's Brow.—
King. The Public-weal
Commands to arm—Diſhonour taint my Name!
When I reject the Call!——
Queen. Ill-omen'd Call!
That like the Raven's Croak invades my Quiet!
O! would to Heaven, our Minutes ſmoothly roll'd
In humble Solitude, with meek-ey'd Peace!
Remote from Royalty, and all the Cares
That brood around the Throne!—
King. No, let us ſcorn
Unfeeling Eaſe, and private Bliſs forego,
When public Miſery implores our Aid.——
What Dignity of Tranſport feels the Prince,
Who, from the Fangs of fierce oppreſſive Power,
A People reſcues?
Queen. What a dreadful Hoſt
Of Dangers 'circle him!
King. Diſeaſe confers
The Stamp of Valour upon Health; and Glory
Is the fair Child of Peril.——Thou thyſelf
My Conduct wilt applaud, ſoon as thy Mind
Its native Calm regains, and Reaſon ſways
Uncheck'd by Fear.——Secure 'till my Return
Remain within and ev'ry Thought indulge
Foreboding my Succeſs.—
Queen. Adieu—Adieu!
Heav'n crown your Valour with a happy Wreath.
[*Exit* Queen.

KING, *to an Attendant.*

Swift, high thee to *Dunbar*, and bid him lead
The choſen Citizens——

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.

KING *attended*, RAMSAY.

Ramſ. O fatal Chance!

The

The Traitor *Grime*, with a ſelected Band,
(While *Angus*, preſs'd on every Side, ſuſtains
Th' unequal Fight) a ſecret Path purſu'd
Around the Hills, and pouring all at once,
Surpriz'd the eaſtern Gate!—the Citizens
With Conſternation ſmote, before his Arms
In Rout diſorder'd fly!—

King. Ha! then the Wheel
Of Fate full Circle rolls to cruſh me down!
Nor leaves one Pauſe for Conduct!—Yet I'll bear
My Fortunes like a King—Haſte and collect
The ſcattered Parties—Let us not ſubmit
'Ere yet ſubdu'd—To Arms. [*Drawing.*

Ramſ. Alas my Prince!
The Convent is beſet—Hark! while we ſpeak
The Gates are burſt—Behold———

King. We muſt prevent
The Pangs of ling'ring Miſery, and fall
With Honour, as we lived———

SCENE X.

KING, *attended*, RAMSAY. GRIME *with followers burſting in.*

King. What bold Contempt
Of Majeſty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private Scenes?

Grime. The Hour is fled,
That ſaw thy wanton Tyranny impoſe
The galling Yoke—Yes, I am come to wreſt
The proſtituted Sceptre from thy Hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal Throne
Of *Walter*, whom I ſerve.

King. Outragious Wretch!
Grown old in Treachery! whoſe Soul untam'd,
No Mercy ſoftens, and no Laws reſtrain!
Thy Life thrice forfeited, my Pity thrice
From Juſtice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found
Still turbulent—a rugged Rebel ſtill,
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!——

Grime.

Grime. That I yet breathe
This ambient Air, and tread this Earth at will,
Not to thy Mercy but thy Dread I owe.———
Wrong'd as I was—my old Poſſeſſions reft
By thy rapacious Power, my Limbs enchain'd
Within a loathſom Dungeon, and my Name
Thy loud Reproach thro' all the groaning Land;
Thou durſt not ſhed my Blood!—the purple Stream
Had ſwell'd—a Tide of Vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud Oppreſſor.———

King. Traitor to thy Prince,
And Foe perverſe to Truth!—how full thy Crimes,
Thy Doom how juſt—my Pardon how humane,
Thy conſcious Malice knows—But let me not
Degrade my Name, and vindicate to thee
The Juſtice of my Reign.

Grime. Vain were th' Attempt
With Artifice of Words, to ſooth my Rage,
More deaf to Mercy, than the famiſh'd Wolf
That tears the bleating Kid!—My ſtarv'd Revenge
Thy Blood alone can ſatiate!—Yield thee then:
Or ſink beneath mine Arm.

King. Heav'n ſhall not ſee
A Deed ſo abject vilify my Name———
While yet I wield this Sword, and the warm Blood
Still ſtreams within my Veins; my Courage ſoars
Superior to a Ruffian's Threats.———

Grime. Fall on,
And hew them Piece-meal.

[King, Ramſay, *and Attendants drive off* Grime *and his Followers; but are afterwards overpowered and diſarmed.*

Grime. Wilt thou yet maintain
Thy Dignity of Words?—Where are thy Slaves,
Thy Subjects, Guards and Thunder of thy Throne,
Reduc'd Uſurper?—Guard theſe Captives hence.

[*Exeunt* King, Ramſay, *&c. guarded.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter a SOLDIER *to* GRIME.

Sold. A Troop of Horſemen have poſſeſſed the Gate
By which we gain'd the City.——
Grime. Blaſt them Hell!
We muſt retreat another Way, and leave
Our Aim unfiniſh'd!—Our victorious Swords
At leaſt ſhall guard the Treaſure they have won.

When the fierce Parent Lion bites our Chain,
His Whelps forlorn, an eaſy Prey remain.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, CAPTAIN.

QUEEN.

WHAT from the Battlements haſt thou deſcry'd?
Capt. Nothing diſtinct, my Queen—Involv'd in Clouds
Impervious to the View, the Battle long
Continu'd doubtful, 'midſt the mingling Sounds
Of Trumpets, neighing Steeds, tumultuous Shouts
Of fierce Aſſailants, doleful Cries of Death,
And clatt'ring Armour; 'till at length, the Noiſe
In diſtant Murmurs dy'd.—O'er all the Plain,
Now a dread Stillneſs reigns!
Queen. Then all is loſt!——
Why pauſes Ruin, and ſuſpends the Stroke!——
Is it to lengthen out Affliction's Term,
And feed productive Woe!—Where ſhall the Groans

Of

Of Innocence deſerted find Redreſs!
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n?—Already Heav'n
Its Pity and Protection has withdrawn!
Earth yield me Refuge then!—give me to lie
Within thy chearleſs Boſom!—there, put off
Th' uneaſy Robe of Being—there, lay down
The Load of my Diſtreſs!

Eleo. Alas! my Queen,
What Conſolation can the Wretched bring!
How ſhall I from my own Deſpair, collect
Aſſwaſive Balm?—Within my lonely Breaſt
Mute Sorrow and deſpondence long have dwelt!
And while my Sire, perhaps, this Inſtant, bleeds,
The dim, exhauſted Fountains of my Grief,
Can ſcarce afford a Tear!

Queen. O Luxury
Of mutual Ill!—Let us enjoy the Feaſt!
To Groan re-echo Groan, in concert raiſe
Our Lamentation; and when Sorrow ſwells
Too big for Utterance, the ſilent Streams
Shall flow in common!—When the ſilent Streams
Forbear to flow, the Voice again ſhall wail!
O my loſt Lord!—O ſave him—ſave him Powers!

Eleo. Is there no gentle Remedy, to ſooth
The Soul's Diſorder; lull the jarring Thoughts,
And with fair Images amuſe the Mind?
—Come ſmiling Hope—divine Illuſion! come
In all thy Pride of Triumph o'er the Pangs
Of Miſery and Pain!

Queen. Low—low indeed,
Have our Misfortunes plung'd us; when no Gleam
Of wand'ring Hope, how vain ſoe'er or falſe,
Our Invocation flatters!—When—O when
Will Death deliver me!—Shall I not reſt
Within the peaceful Tomb, where I may ſleep
In calm Oblivion, and forget the Wrecks
Of ſtormy Life!—No Sounds diſturb the Grave,
Of murther'd Huſbands!—Or the diſmal Scream
Of Infants periſhing.—Ha! whither leads
Imagination!—Muſt ye periſh then,
Ye tender Bloſſoms—Muſt the lofty Oak
That gave you Life, and ſhelter'd you from Harm,

Yield to the Traitor's Ax!—O Agony
Of fond Diſtraction!
Eleo. Ha!—behold where comes
The warlike Son of *March!*—What, if he brings
The News of Victory!
Queen. My Soul alarm'd,
With Eagerneſs and Terror waits her Doom!

SCENE II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

Queen. Say, Youth, how fares the King!
Dunb. Fair Princeſs, hail!
To you my Duty and my Speed were bent—
Your royal Conſort triumphs.
Queen. Lives he then!
Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal Snares
Which had enclos'd him!
Dunb. To their Hills repell'd,
The vanquiſh'd Rebels curſe his conqu'ring Arm—
He bade me fly before him to the Queen;
With the glad Tidings chear her drooping Soul;
And bear his kindeſt Wiſhes to the Shrine
Himſelf will ſoon adore.
Queen. Will he then come
And wipe the Tear of Sorrow from my Cheek!—
Ah, no!—thy Pity flatters me in vain!
Dunb. Let me not dally with my Queen's Diſtreſs.—
What were it, but to lift incumbent Woe,
That it might fall more grievous.—By the Faith
Of my Allegiance, hither ſpeeds the King,
By Love attended, and by Conqueſt crown'd.
Queen. O welcome Meſſenger!—How ſweetly ſounds
Thy Prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the Morn,
To the ſick Wretch who moan'd the tedious Night,
Brings balmy Slumber, Eaſe and Hope and Health!
O wond'rous Deſtiny!
Eleo. Thus, on my Queen
May Fortune ever ſmile.—May Bliſs to Bliſs

Succeed,

Succeed, a tranquil Scene!—Say, noble Youth,
Returns my Sire in Safety from the Field?
Dunb. Safe as thy fondeſt filial Wiſh can form.—
In War's Variety, mine Eyes have ſeen
Variety of Valour and of Skill:
But ſuch united Excellence of both—
Such Art to baffle and amuſe the Foe;—
Such Intrepidity to execute
Repeated Efforts,—never, ſave in him,
My Obſervation trac'd!—Our Monarch's Acts
My feeble Praiſe would ſully and profane.
Eleo. Thy Words, like genial Showers to the parch'd Earth,
Refreſh my languid Soul!—
Queen. The Trumpet ſwells!
My Conqueror approaches!—Let me fly
With Extaſy of Love into his Arms!—
He comes!—the Victor comes!—

SCENE III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

King. [*embracing the* Queen.] My better Part!—
My Soul's chief Reſidence!—my Love! my Queen!
Thou haſt been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
Ev'n too profuſely!
Queen. Celebrate this Hour
Ye Songs of Angels! and ye Sons of Earth,
Keep Feſtival!—My Monarch is return'd!
I fold him in theſe Arms!—I hear his Voice—
His Love ſoft-chiding!—
King. O ye Powers benign!
What Words can ſpeak the Rapture of my Soul!
Come to my Breaſt, where, cheriſh'd by my Love,
Thy fair Idea rooted, bloſſoms forth
And twines around my Heart!
Queen. Myſterious Fate!
My Wiſhes are compleat!—Yet, I muſt aſk
A thouſand Things, impertinently fond!

How did you 'ſcape?—What Angel's Hand, my King,
Preſerv'd you from Deſtruction?

King. Heav'n, indeed,
Eſpous'd my Cauſe, and ſent to my Relief
The Son of *March*, who, with a choſen Few,
Deliver'd me from *Grime*:—Thence to the Field
We ſpeeded, and accompliſh'd what the Sword
Of *Angus* had well nigh atchiev'd before.

Queen. [*To* Dunbar.] How ſhall Acknowledgment enough reward
Thy Worth unparallell'd?

King. Now, by my Throne!
Not my own Iſſue ſhall engroſs me, more
Than thou, heroic Youth!—Th' inſulting Foe,
In ſpite of freſh Supplies, with Slaughter driven
To the ſteep Hills that bound the Plain, have ſent
An Herald, in their Turn, to ſue for Peace.—
An Audience have I promis'd.—Ere the Hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the Bath
Refreſh'd my weary'd Limbs.—

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Attendants.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Eleo. Renown, to Day
Has laviſh'd all her Honours on thy Head.

Dunb. What boots it, that my Fortune decks me thus
With unſubſtantial Plumes; when my Heart groans
Beneath the gay Compariſon, and Love
With unrequited Paſſion wounds my Soul!

Eleo. Is unpropitious Love unknown to me?
To me, for ever doom'd (alas!) to nurſe
The ſlow-conſuming Fire.—

Dunb. Heav'ns!—what are all
The boaſted Charms, that with ſuch wond'rous Pow'r
Attach thee to my Rival?—Far from me
Be the vain Arrogance of Pride, to vaunt
Excelling Talents; yet I fain would learn,

On

On what admir'd Accompliſhment of *Stuart*,
Thy Preference is fix'd.—
Eleo. Alas! *Dunbar*,
My Judgment, weak and erring as it is,
Too well diſcerns on whom I ſhould beſtow
My Love and my Eſteem:—But truſt me, Youth,
Thou little know'ſt how hard it is to wean
The Mind from darling Habits long indulg'd!
I know that *Stuart* ſinks into Reproach:
Immers'd in Guilt, and, more than once, ſubdu'd
By thy ſuperior Merit and Succeſs:
Yet even this *Stuart*,—for I would not wrong
Thine Expectation,—ſtill retains a Part
Of my Compaſſion—nay, I fear, my Love!—
Would'ſt thou, diſtinguiſh'd by th' Applauſe of Kings,
Diſgrace thy Qualities, and brook the Prize
Of a divided Heart?—
Dunb. No!—witneſs Heav'n
I love not on ſuch Terms!—Am I then doom'd,
Unfeeling Maid! for ever to deplore
Thy unabating Rigour!—The rude Flint
Yields to th' inceſſant Drop; but *Eleonora*,
Inflexibly ſevere, unchang'd remains—
Unmov'd by my Complaint!—
Eleo. My Father comes!
Let me, with pious Raviſhment embrace
His martial Knees, and bleſs the guardian Pow'r
That ſcreen'd him in the Battle!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Ang. Riſe, my Child,
Thou haſt been always dutiful, and mild
As the ſoft Breeze that fanns the Summer-Eve!—
Such Innocence endearing gently ſtole
Into my youthful Boſom, and awak'd
Loves tender Languiſhment, when to my View

Thy Mother firſt diſplay'd her Virgin Bloom!
[*Turning to* Dunbar.
Come to my Arms, *Dunbar!*—To ſhield from Death
A Parent, is the venerable Act
Of the moſt pious Duty.—Thus adopted,
Henceforward be my Son!—The rebel Chiefs
Secure in my Safe-conduct, wait without
The promis'd Audience.—To the King repair,
And ſignify their Preſence.— [*Exit* Dunbar.

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

Ang. Eleonora,
Behold th' undaunted Youth, who ſtept between
The Stroke of Fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,
And by the Foe ſurrounded, I had ſunk
A Victim to Barbarity enrag'd;
If brave *Dunbar*, to his own Peril blind,
Had not that Inſtant, to my Reſcue ſprung.—
Nay, when that youthful Traitor—by whoſe Arm
Releas'd, I know not, headlong ruſh'd againſt me;
My vigilant Deliverer, oppos'd
The fierce Aggreſſor, whoſe aſpiring Creſt
Soon proſtrate fell.—
Eleo. Ha! fell!—Is *Stuart* ſlain?
O! ſpeak my Father.—
Ang. Wherefore this Alarm!
Let me not find thy Boſom entertain
A Sentiment unworthy of thy Name!—
The gen'rous Victor gave him back his Life;
And cry'd aloud, "This Sacrifice I make
"For *Eleonora*'s Love."—
Eleo. O matchleſs Youth!
His Virtues conquer'd my Eſteem, before:
But now my grateful Sentiment inflames
Ev'n to a Siſter's Zeal!
Ang. With rigid Power
I would not bridle thy reluctant Thought:

Yet,

Yet, let me, with parental Care, commend
The Paſſion of *Dunbar*.—
Eleo. A fairer Garb
His Title could not wear:—But when I think
What Rocks in Secret lie—what Tempeſts riſe
On Love's deceitful Voyage; my timid Soul
Recoils affrighted, and with Horror ſhuns
Th' inviting Calm!—
Ang. Retire, my Child, and weigh
The diff'rent Claims:—Here, Glory, Love and Truth
Implore thy Smiles:—There, Vice with brutal Rage
Would force thee to his Wiſhes.—But too long
I tarry in this Place.—I muſt attend
My Sov'reign in his Interview with *Athol*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII. *Changes to another apartment.*

ATHOL, GRIME.

Ath. What we to Fortune ow'd, our Arms have paid:
But let us now, the Changeling Pow'r renounce.—
Unhappy thoſe, who hazard their Deſigns
On her without Reſerve!—
Grime. Our Plan purſu'd
A Purpoſe more aſſur'd:—With conqueſt crown'd,
Our Aim indeed, a fairer Wreath had worn;
But that deny'd, on Terms of darker Hue
Our Swords ſhall force Succeſs!
Ath. Th' approaching Scene
Demands our utmoſt Art! not with tame Sighs
To bend before his Throne, and ſupplicate
His Clemency, like Slaves; nor to provoke
With Pride of Speech, his Anger half appeas'd:
But with Submiſſion mingle (as we ſpeak)
A conſcious Dignity of Soul, prepar'd
For all Events.—
Grime. Without the City Walls,
The Southern Troops encamp'd, already fill
The feſtal Bowl, to celebrate the Day.—

Ath. By Heav'n! their flush'd Intemperance will yield
Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie,
With Wine and Sleep o'erwhelm'd; the Clans that lurk
Behind th' adjacent Hills, shall in the Dark,
Approach the Gate when our Associate *Cattan*
Commands the Guards; then introduc'd by him,
We take, with Ease, Possession of the Town,
And hither move unmark'd.———

Grime. Here, if we fail,
May my shrunk Sinew never more unsheath
My well-try'd Dagger; nor my hungry Hate
Enjoy the sav'ry Steam of hostile Gore!

Ath. How my fir'd Soul anticipates the Joy!
I see me seated in the regal Chair,
Enthron'd by *Grime*, the Partner of my Power!——
But this important Enterprize demands
More secret Conference —The Sword of *Stuart*
Will much avail: But his unpractis'd Youth
To Doubts and Scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last Resolve ——

Grime. It shall be mine,
To rouse his Passion to the Pitch requir'd.——
But soft!—who comes?—Ten thousand Curses load
Th' ambitious Stripling!

Enter DUNBAR.

Dunb. By the King's Command,
I come to guide you to the Throne.

Ath. 'Tis well.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Discovers the KING *seated,* ANGUS, *Attendants.*

Enter ATHOL, GRIME, *introduced by* DUNBAR.

King. It is not well—it is not well we meet
On Terms like these!—I should have found in *Athol*
A trusty Counsellor and steady Friend:

And

And better would it ſuit thy rev'rend Age,
Thy Station, Quality, and kindred Blood,
To huſh ill-judging Clamour, and cement
Divided Factions to my Throne, again,
Than thus embroil the State.—

Ath. My preſent Aim
Is to repair, not widen more, the Breach
That Diſcord made between us: This, my Liege,
Not harſh Reproaches, or ſevere Rebuke
Will e'er effectuate:—No—let us rather,
On Terms which equally become us both,
Our Int'reſts re-unite.

King. Hah!—re-unite!
By Heav'n thy proud Demeanor more befits
A Sov'reign than a Subject!—Re-unite!———
How durſt thou ſever from thy Faith, old Lord!
And with an Helmet load that hoary Head
To wage rebellious War!

Ath. The Sword of *Athol*
Was never drawn but to redreſs the Wrongs
His Country ſuffer'd.———

King. Dar'ſt thou to my Face,
Impeach my Conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful Traitor?—Is it thus, thy Guilt
My Clemency implores?

Ath. Not yet ſo low
Has Fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your Footſtool:—In our Camp remain
Ten thouſand vig'rous Mountaineers, who long
Their Honours to retrieve.———

King. *(riſing haſtily)* Swift, hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive Adherents back!———
Away.—Now by the mighty Soul of *Bruce!*
Thou ſhalt be met.—And if thy ſavage Clans
Abide us in the Plain, we ſoon will tread
Rebellion into Duſt.—Why move ye not?
Conduct them to their Camp.—

Ath. Forgive, my Prince,
If on my own Integrity of Heart
Too far preſuming, I have gall'd the Wound
Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,

But with your Meaſures ill-adviſ'd, I warr'd:
Your ſacred Perſon, Family and Throne
My Purpoſe ſtill rever'd.——
King. O wretched Plea,
To which thy blaſted Guilt muſt have Recourſe!
Had thy Deſign been laudable, thy Tongue
With honeſt Freedom boldly ſhould have ſpoke
Thy Diſcontent.—Ye live not in a Reign
Where Truth, by arbitrary Pow'r depreſs'd,
Dares not maintain her State.—I charge thee, ſay
What lawleſs Meaſures has my Pow'r purſu'd?
Ath. I come, to mitigate your royal Wrath
With Sorrow and Submiſſion; not to ſum
The Motives which compell'd me to the Field.——
King. I found your miſerable State reduc'd
To Ruin and Deſpair:—Your Cities drench'd
In mutual Slaughter, deſolate your Plains:
All Order baniſh'd, and all Arts decay'd:——
No Induſtry, ſave what with Hands impure
Diſtreſs'd the Commonwealth:—No Laws in Force,
To ſcreen the Poor and check the guilty Great;
While ſqualid Famine join'd her Siſter Fiend
Devouring Peſtilence, to curſe the Scene!—
I came,—I toil'd,—reform'd,—redreſs'd the whole:
And lo, my Recompence!—But I relapſe.—
What is your Suit?
Ath. We ſue (my Liege) for Peace.—
King. Say, that my Lenity ſhould grant your Prayer,
How, for the future, ſhall I reſt aſſur'd
Of your Allegiance?——
Ath. Stuart ſhall be left
The Pledge of our Behaviour.——
King. And your Arms
Ere Noon to Morrow, ſhall be yielded up.
Ath. This too, ſhall be perform'd.—
King. Then mark me Thane.—
Becauſe the Loins, from whence my Father ſprung,
On thee too Life beſtow'd; enjoy the Gift.—
I pardon what is paſt.—In Peace conſume
The Winter of thy Days.—But, if ye light

Th'

Th' extinguish'd Brand again, and brave my Throne
With new Commotions :—By th' eternal Power !
No future Guile, Submission, or Regard
Shall check my Indignation !—I will pour
My Vengeance in full Volley ; and the Earth
Shall dread to yield you Succour or Resource !
Of this, no more.—Thy Kinsman shall remain
With us, an Hostage of thy promis'd Faith.—

So shall our Mercy with our Prudence join,
United brighten, and securely shine.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

STUART.

THIS Solitude but more foments Despair !
Recals—compares—and to th' incessant Pangs
Of Spite, Revenge, and Shame condemns my Soul !—
O ! what a miserable Slave am I !—
Precipitated from the tow'ring Hope
Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' Abyss
Of mutt'ring Horror, curs'd from Thought to Thought !
———Hah Jealousy ! —I feel th' infernal Power !
Her hissing Snakes arrouse—her Torch inflames
My madd'ning Soul !—Yes,—if he thus permits
My Feet to range at will ; my 'vengeful Hand
Will soon requite him.—

Enter GRIME.

SCENE II.

STUART, GRIME.

Grime. Wherefore thus alone ?
Thy noble Kinsman, who now parted hence,
Observes a sullen Cloud o'erhang thy Brow.——

Since

Since from the Dungeon to his Wiſh reſtor'd,
A mute Averſion to his Love, ſecludes
Thy lonely Steps—
Stua. Yes,—thou thyſelf haſt nam'd
The Cauſe accurs'd!—ha, from the Dungeon freed!—
And freed by whom!—there's Poiſon in the Thought!
—Am I not Hoſtage of my Uncle's Shame?——
Grime. Thou dwell'ſt on that too much.—Few live exempt
From Diſappointment and Diſgrace, who run
Ambition's rapid Courſe.—Inur'd to Pain,
The hard'ned Soul, at laſt, forgets to feel
The Scourge of Fate; and fearleſs, ruſhes on
To Deeds adventurous.——
Stua. Who ſhall frame th' Attempt
That *Stuart* dreads t' atchieve?—not Peſtilence
Not raging Seas, nor livid Flames can bound
My dauntleſs Undertaking!—Tell me, *Grime*,
For thou waſt train'd to Feats of horrid Proof,
Since, not the Voice of Heav'n itſelf, can lure
My Honour back again;—what Pow'r of Hell
Shall I invoke to deepen my Revenge?——
Grime. Ha! Did'ſt thou ſay, Revenge?—Hail, ſable Pow'r,
To me more dear than Riches or Renown!
What gloomy Joy, to drench the Dagger deep
In the proud Heart of him who robb'd my Fame!
My Fortune thwarted; or eſſay'd by Fraud
To poiſon my Delights!——
Stua. Ha! thou haſt rous'd
The Scorpion-Thought that ſtings me!—
—Mark me, *Grime*,—
Our baffled Cauſe could not alarm me thus:
If Conqueſt for the Foe declar'd to Day;
Our Arms again the Vagrant might compel,
And chain her to our Side.—But know, my Love
Has been defrauded!—*Eleonora*'s Heart
That Wretch invades.—That Raviſher who cropt
My budding Fame and ſunk me to Reproach!
He, whom my Jealouſy, in all its Rage,

Hath

Hath ſingled for Deſtruction!———
Grime. He ſhall die!———
Stua. Yes, he ſhall die!——He ſhall be flea'd——impal'd!
And his torn Bowels thrown to Beaſts of Prey!—
My ſavage Hate ſhall on his Tortures feed!
I will have Vengeance!
Grime. Would'ſt thou have it full,
Include his Patrons.———
Stua. Ha!—What—ſhall my Arm
Unſheath the ſecret Steel!
Grime. Yes.—Strike at once,
For Liberty, Ambition and Revenge.———
Let the proud Tyrant yield his haughty Soul:
And all his Off-ſpring ſwell the ſanguine Stream.
Let *Angus* periſh too.———
Stua. O wond'rous Plan
Of unreſtrain'd Barbarity!———It ſuits
The Horrors of my Boſom!—All!—What all?
In ſlaughter'd Heaps.—The Progeny and Sire!—
To ſluice them in th' unguarded Hour of Reſt!———
Infernal Sacrifice!—dire—ev'n too dire
For my Deſpair!—To me what have they done
To merit ſuch Returns?—No, my Revenge
Demands the Blood of one, and he ſhall fall.——
Grime. It ſhall ſuffice—*Dunbar* ſhall bleed alone.—
But let us ſeize him on the Verge of Bliſs;
When the fond Maid's enkind'ling Looks confeſs
The Flames of baſhful Love: When eager Joy,
And modeſt Fear, by Turns exalt the Bluſh
To a more fervid Glow.—When *Eleonora*
Unfolds Elyſium to his raptur'd View,
And ſmiles him to her Arms.——
Stua. Hah!—Light'ning ſcorch
Thy Tongue, Blaſphemer!—Sooner may this Globe
Be hurl'd to the profound Abyſs of Hell!——
But vain are Words.—This is no Place—remember,
He ſhall not triumph thus—Thou haſt bely'd him——
He means it not.—Nor will the Syren ſmile ———
No, *Grime*,—ſhe dares not ſmile him to her Arms!
Grime. Reproach, or mute Diſguſt, is the Reward

Of

Of candid Friendſhip, that diſdains to hide
Unpalatable Truth!—I tell thee, Youth,
Betroth'd by *Angus* to *Dunbar*, ſhe yields
Her plighted Faith, this Hour.—But ſee!—the Maid
Moves hitherward alone!——

Stua. Haſte,—leave me, *Grime!*
My Soul is up in Arms!—my Vengeance boils!
Love, Jealouſy, implacable Deſpair
In Tempeſts wheel.—

Grime. Thou ſhalt not tarry here!—
Thy frantic Rage may raſhly overturn
Our whole Deſign!——

Stua. Let me not urge again
Thy ſwift Departure—hence!—I come anon.—

[*Exit* Grime.

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA.

Stua. When laſt we parted, Love had reconcil'd
Our mutual Jealouſies and breath'd anew
The Soul of Harmony within our Breaſts.——
Haſt thou not, ſince that Period, entertain'd
One adverſe Thought to Conſtancy and me?

Eleo. Say, who inveſted thee with Pow'r ſupreme
O'er *Eleonora*'s Conduct; that thou com'ſt
With frowning Aſpect, thus, to judge my Fame?—
Haſt thou not forfeited all Claim to me?
Have I not ſeen thee ſtray from Honour's Path?
And ſhall my Love be to the Breaſt confin'd,
Where Treaſon in her darkeſt Hue preſides!—
No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
From my abhorrent Thoughts!—

Stua. Not all this Pride
Of mimic Virtue—not th' aſſembled Hoſt
Of female Wiles, how exquiſite ſoe'er,
Shall ſhelter thee, Deceiver—What new Stain
Defiles my Boſom, ſince the Morning ſaw
Thy Tenderneſs o'erflow; and heard thy Tongue
Seduce me to thy faithleſs Arms, again?

Eleo.

Eleo. Is this the Teſtimony of thy Love?
This thy aſſerted Honour!—to revile
Defenceleſs Innocence?—But this will aid
My Duty, to forget thee.—Do'ſt thou aſk
What recent Outrage has ſtrung'd my Heart?——
There needed none.—The Meaſure of thy Guilt
Was full enough before.—Yet thou haſt heap'd
Offences to Exceſs: In Battle fought
Againſt thy King; and fought, with lifted Arm,
My Father's Life—ungrateful as thou art!
Know then, the Honour of my Name forbids
Our Fates to join; and it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
That *Eleonora*, loſt to Glory, took
A Traitor to her Bed!——

Stua. Perfidious Witch!
Thy Charms ſhall not avail thee; for I come
Th' avenging Miniſter of broken Faith!
To claim the promis'd Fruitage of my Love——
Or—mark me—puniſh, with thy guilty Blood,
Thy Perjury and Fraud!——

Eleo. Wilt thou attempt
To gain by Menaces, what the ſoft Sigh
Of plaintive Anguiſh, would implore in vain?
Here ſtrike—and let thy ruthleſs Poignard drink
The Blood of *Douglas*, which has often flow'd
In Virtue's Cauſe; and ev'ry Soil enrich'd,
From wintry *Scania* to the ſacred Vale
Where *Lebanon* exalts his lofty Brow.——

Stua. Egregious Sorc'reſs!—give me back my Peace—
Bid Yeſterday return, that ſaw my Youth
Adorn'd in all its Splendor, and elate
With gen'rous Pride and Dignity of Soul!——
Ere yet thy Spells had diſcompos'd my Brain,
Unſtrung my Arm, and laid me in the Duſt,
Beneath a Rival's Feet!—

Eleo. Hear all ye Powers!
He claims of me, what his own conſcious Guilt
Hath robb'd him of.—And do'ſt thou look for Peace
In my afflicted Boſom?—There, indeed,
Thine Image dwells with Solitude and Care,
Amid the Devaſtation thou haſt made! [*Weeps.*

Stua.

Stua. O Crocodile!—Curſe on theſe faithleſs Drops
Which fall, but to enſnare—Thy ſpecious Words
Shall ſooner lull the ſounding Surge, than check
The Fury that impels me!—Yet—by Heav'n,
Thou art divinely fair! and thy Diſtreſs
With magic Softneſs ev'ry Charm improves!—
Wer't thou not falſe as Hell, not Paradiſe
Could more Perfection boaſt—O! let me turn
My fainting Eyes from thy reſiſtleſs Face;
And from my Senſe exclude the ſoothing Sound
Of thy enchanting Tongue!—Yet—yet renounce
'Thine Infidelity—To thine Embrace
Receive this Wanderer—this Wretch forlorn!—
Speak Peace to his diſtracted Soul; and eaſe
The Tortures of his Boſom!—

Elco. Haploſs Youth!
My Heart bleeds for thee!—careleſs of her own,
Bleeds o'er thy Sorrows!—'mid the flinty Rocks
My tender Feet would tread, to bring thee Balm:—
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathleſs Snow!—
O! could my Death recal thy baniſh'd Quiet!
Here would I kneel, a Suppliant to Heav'n,
In thy Behalf; and offer to the Grave
The Price of thy Repoſe!—Alas! I fear
Our Days of Pleaſure are for ever paſt!

Stua. O thou haſt Joy and Horror in thy Gift!
And ſway'ſt my Soul at Will!—bleſs'd in thy Love,
The Memory of Sorrow and Diſgrace,
That preys upon my Youth, would ſoon forſake
My raptur'd Thought, and Hell ſhould plot in vain,
To ſever us again!—O! let me claſp thee,
Thou Charm ineffable!

Elco. Forbear, fond Youth,
Our unrelenting Deſtiny hath rais'd
Eternal Bars between us!

Stua. Ha!—what Bars?

Elco. A Sacrifice demanded by my Sire—
A Vow—

Stua. Perdition!—Say what Vow, raſh Maid!

Elco. A fatal Vow! that blaſts our mutual Love—

Stua.

Stua. Infernal Vipers gnaw thy Heart!—A Vow!—
A Vow that to my Rival gives thee up!—
Shall he then trample on my Soul at laſt.—
Mock my Revenge, and laugh at my Deſpair!
Ha!—ſhall he rifle all thy Sweets, at Will,
And riot in the Tranſports due to me?
Th' accurſed Image whirls around my Brain!—
He pants with Rapture!—Horror to my Soul!
He ſurfeits on Delight!—

Eleo. O gentle Heav'n!
Let thy ſoft Mercy on his Soul deſcend
In Dews of Peace!—Why roll with fiery Gleam
Thy ſtarting Eye-balls?—Why on thy pale Cheek
Trembles fell Rage!—and why ſuſtains thy Frame
This univerſal Shock?—Is it, alas!
That I have ſworn, I never will be thine?—
True, this I ſwore—

Stua. Hah! never to be mine!
Th' awaken'd Hurricane begins to rage!—
Be Witneſs, Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell! ſhe means
To glad the Boſom of my Foe!—Come then
Infernal Vengeance! aid me to perform
A Deed that Fiends themſelves will weep to ſee!

[*Draws.*

Thus, let me blaſt his full-bloom'd—

Enter DUNBAR, *who interpoſes.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

Dunb. Ruffian, hold
Thy deſp'rate Hand!—What Fury 'ſcap'd from Hell,
Inſpires thy Rage to wanton in the Blood
Of ſuch excelling Goodneſs?—

Stua. Infamy
Like mine, deface the Glories of thy Name!
What buſy Dæmon ſent thee hither, now,
My Vengeance to defeat?—The Hour is come—
The Hour is come at laſt, that muſt decide
For ever our Pretenſions!

Dunb.

Dunb. Whatſoe'er
Thy Hate could meditate againſt my Life,
My Nature might forgive: But this Attempt
Diveſts my Soul of Mercy——
Stua. Guide my Point
Ye Pow'rs of Darkneſs, to my Rival's Heart,
Then take me to yourſelves. [*They fight.*
Eleo. Reſtrain—reſtrain
Your mutual Frenzy!—Horror!—help—behold—
Behold this miſerable Boſom!—plunge
Your Poignards here; and in its fatal Source
Your Enmity aſſuage!—
Stua. falling.] It will not be——
Thy Fortune hath eclips'd me: And the Shades
Of Death environ me.—Yet, what is Death
When Honour brings it, but th' eternal Seal
Of Glory, never—never to be broke!
O thou haſt ſlain me in a dreadful Hour!
My Vengeance fruſtrated—my Proſpect curs'd
With thy approaching Nuptials! and my Soul
Diſmiſs'd in all her—*Eleonora!*—Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Dunb. Ah! wherefore doſt thou wring thy tender Hands
In woeful Attitude?—ah! wherefore lift
Thy ſtreaming Eyes to Heav'n; while the deep Groan
Dilates thy lab'ring Breaſt?
Eleo. This is too much——
This is too much to bear!—thou haſt deſtroy'd
My laſt Remains of Peace!
Dunb. And, was thy Peace
Depoſited in him?—In him who rais'd
His impious Hand to kill thee!—Is it well
To mourn his Fall, and thus accuſe the Blow
That reſcu'd thee from Death?
Eleo. I blame not thee,
No, Heav'n forbid!—I blame not my Protector—

Yet

Yet thy Protection has undone me quite!
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the Hour—
Th' ill-omen'd Hour, that on thy Sword confer'd
Such terrible Success!—How pale appear
These clay-cold cheeks, where Grace and Vigour glow'd!
O dismal Spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that Ambition which was late so proud!—
Did he not call me with his lateſt Breath!—
He would have ſaid—but cruel Fate controul'd
His fault'ring Tongue!—He would have ſaid, "For thee,
"For thee falſe Maid, I periſh undeplor'd!"
O! had'ſt thou known how obſtinately true
My Heart remained to thee, when thy own Guilt,
My Duty, and thy Rival's Worth conſpir'd
To baniſh thee from thence; thy parting Soul
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
My perſecuted Truth!

Dunb. O turn thine Eyes
From the ſad Object!—Turn thy melting Thoughts
From the diaſtrous Theme, and look on me—
On me who would with Exſtaſy reſign
This wretched Being, to be thus embalm'd
With *Eleonora*'s Tears!—Were I to fall,
Thy Pity would not thus lament my Fate!

Eleo. Thy Death, ſuch Lamentation would not move,
More envy'd than bemoan'd;—thy Memory
Would ſtill be cheriſh'd, and thy Name ſurvive
To lateſt Ages, in immortal Bloom.———
Ah, 'tis not ſo with him!—He leaves behind
No dear Remembrance of unſully'd Fame!
No Monument of Glory, to defy
The Storms of Time!—Nought but Reproach and Shame!
Nought, but perpetual Slander, brooding o'er
His Reputation loſt!—O fearful Scene
Of dire Exiſtence, that muſt never cloſe!

SCENE VI.

AGNUS *entring*, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, *Attendants*.

Ang. What Sound of femal Woe—Ha! *Stuart* ſlain!
Alas! I fear thou art the fatal Cauſe! [*To* Eleonora.

Eleo.

Eleo. Too well my Father has divin'd the Cauſe
Of their unhappy Strife!—Wherefore, ye Powers!
Am I to Miſery deliver'd up!
What kindred Crime (alas!) am I decreed
To expiate, that Misfortunes fall ſo thick
On my poor Head!

Ang. (to *Dunbar.*) How durſt your lawleſs Rage
Profane this ſacred Place with private Brawl!

Dunb. By Heav'n! no Place how much ſoe'er rever'd,
Shall ſcreen th' Aſſaſſin, who, like him, would aim
The murd'rous Steel at *Eleonora*'s Breaſt!

Ang. Ha!—were his Aims ſo mercileſs?—Too juſt
The Vengeance that o'ertook him!—But th' Event
With this unſtable Juncture ill accords!—
Remove the Body.—Thou mean while retire,
Thy Preſence may awake, or aggravate
The Rage of *Athol.* [*The Body is removed.*

Dunb. Therefore I obey.—
And O thou lovely Mourner! who now droop'ſt
Like the ſpread Roſe beneath th' inclement Shower,
When next we meet, I hope to ſee thee bloom
With vernal Freſhneſs, and again unfold
Thy Beauties to the Sun! [*Exit* Dunbar.

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

Ang. Let us, my Child,—
Lament with Steadineſs, thoſe Ills that flow
From our Miſhap: Yet therefore not aſcribe
To ſelf Demerit, impotently griev'd,
The Guilt of Accident.—Thou haſt enough
Denoted thy Concern.—Let me not think,
Thy Sorrow hath eſpouſed a Traitor's Cauſe.

Eleo. Ah! what avails to me, the hard won Palm
Of fruitleſs Virtue?—Will it lull to Reſt
Internal Anguiſh!—Will it yield me Peace?—

Ang. Thy indiſcreet Affliction, ſhall not plead
Againſt thee, with me, now.—Remember this,

If

If thou art weak enough to harbour ſtill
A guilty Flame; to thy Aſſiſtance call
That noble Pride and Dignity of Scorn,
Which warms, exalts and purifies the Soul ——
But I will truſt thee to thyſelf.—Withdraw;
For *Athol* comes, and on his Viſage lours
A Storm of Wrath. [*Exit* Eleonora.

SCENE VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

Athol. Are theſe the fair Effects
Of our Submiſſion!—Theſe, the promis'd Fruits
Of Amity reſtor'd!—To violate
The Laws of Hoſpitality—To guide
The midnight Murderer's inhuman Blow,
And ſacrifice your Gueſts!

Ang. That *Athol* mourns
This unforeſeen Severity of Fate,
I marvel not.—My own paternal Senſe
Is wak'd by Sympathy; and I condole
His intereſting Loſs.—But thus to tax
Our blameleſs Faith with traiterous Deſign,
Not with our pure Integrity conforms,
Nor with thy Duty, Thane.

Ath. Ha!—who art thou,
That I ſhould bear thy Cenſure and Reproof?——
Not Proteſtation, nor th' affected Air
Of Sympathy and Candour, ſhall amuſe
My ſtrong Conception, nor elude the Cry
Of Juſtice and Revenge!

Ang. Had Juſtice crav'd
With rigid Voice, the Debt incurr'd by thee,
How had'ſt thou far'd?—Say, what has plac'd thy Deeds
Above my Cenſure?——Let this Day's Event
Proclaim how far I merit thy Diſdain.—
That my Humanity is miſconceived
Not much alarms my Wonder: Conſcious Fraud
Still harbours with Suſpicion.—Let me tell thee—
The Fate of *Stuart* was ſupremely juſt.

Th'

Th' untimely Stroke his ſavage Heart prepar'd
Againſt the guiltleſs Breaſt of *Eleonora*,
Avenging Heav'n retorted on himſelf.
Ath. I thought where all thy Probity would end,
Diſguis'd Accomplice!—But remember, Lord,
Should this blood-ſpotted Bravo eſcape, ſecure
In thy Protection, or th' unjuſt Extent
Of regal Pow'r; by all my Wrongs! I'll ſpread
Th' Seeds of Vengeance o'er th' affrighted Land,
And Blood ſhall anſwer Blood!
Ang. How far thy Threats
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But ſee, the King!—

SCENE IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

King. Tell me—proud Thanes, why are ye found oppos'd
In loud Revilings?—You, that ſhould promote
By fair Example, Unity and Peace!
Ath. Have I not Cauſe to murmur and complain?
Stuart, the lateſt Gift and deareſt Pledge
Of Love fraternal, ſooth'd my bending Age:
Him hath the unrelenting Dagger torn
From my parental Arms; and left (alas!)
This ſapleſs Trunk, to ſtretch its wither'd Boughs
To you for Juſtice!—Juſtice then I crave.
King. To ſend the injur'd unredreſs'd away,
How great ſoe'er the Offender, or the Wrong'd
Howe'er obſcure, is wicked,—weak and vile:
Degrades, defiles and ſhould dethrone a King!
Say freely, Thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
And were he dear as her who ſhares our Throne,
Thou ſhalt have ample Vengeance.
Ath. Then I charge
The Son of *March* with Perfidy and Murder.
Ang. Were I with mean Indifference to hear
Th' envenom'd Tongue of Calumny traduce
Defenceleſs Worth, I ſhould but ill deſerve

Your

Your royal Confidence.—*Dunbar* has ſlain
The Kinſman of this Thane; yet fell he not
By Murder, Cowardice, or foul Deſign.
The Sword of *Stuart* was already drawn
To ſacrifice my Daughter, when *Dunbar*,
By Heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,
Redeem'd the trembling Victim, and repell'd
His Rival's Fury on his hapleſs Head.
Ath. Muſt I refer me to the partial Voice
Of an invet'rate Foe?——No, I reject
The tainted Evidence, and rather claim
The Combat Proof—Enfeebled are my Limbs
With Age that creeps along my Nerves unſtrung,
Yet ſhall the Juſtice of my Cauſe recal
My youthful Vigour, rouſe my loit'ring Blood,
Swell ev'ry Sinew, ſtrengthen ev'ry Limb,
And crown me with Succeſs——Behold my Gage—
I wait for Juſtice.
King. Juſtice ſhalt thou have—
Nor ſhall an equitable Claim depend
On ſuch precarious Iſſue.—Who ſhall guard
The Weak from Violence, if brutal Force
May vindicate Oppreſſion.—T'truth alone
Shall rule the fair Deciſion, and thy Wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbyaſs'd Sway
Shall find a juſt Avenger.—Let *Dunbar*
Appear when urg'd, and Anſwer to the Charge.
[*To* Angus.
[*Exeunt King*, Angus.

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

Ath. Curſe on the ſmooth Diſſembler!—Welcome *Grime*,
My Soul is wrought to the ſublimeſt Rage
Of horrible Revenge!—If aught remain'd
Of cautious Scruple, to the ſcatt'ring Winds
I give the Phantome.—May this Carcaſs rot

A loathſome Banquet to the Fowls of Heav'n,
If e'er my Breaſt admit one Thought to bound
The Progreſs of my Hate!

Grime. What means my Prince?

Ath. Th' unhappy Youth is ſlain!

Grime. Ha!—Hell be prais'd—
He was a peeviſh Stripling, prone to Change. [*Aſide.*
—Vain is Condolance.—Let our Swords be ſwift
To ſate his hov'ring Shade.—I have conferr'd
With truſty *Cattan*, our Deſign explain'd,
And his full Aid ſecur'd—To Night, he rules
The middle Watch.—The Clans already move
In Silence o'er the Plain.

Ath. Come then ye Powers
That dwell with Night, and patronize Revenge!
Attend our Invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating Blow!—My Boughs are lopt,
But they will ſprout again: My vig'rous Trunk

Shall flouriſh from the Wound my Foes have made,
And yet again, project an awful Shade.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! This was more than the ill-sorted Train
Of undetermin'd Fancy!—This convey'd
No loose imperfect Images: But all
Was dreadfully distinct! as if the Hand
Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by those Signs—
Your guardian Angel dictates.—O my Prince!
Let not your blind Security disgrace
The Merit of your Prudence.

King. No, my Queen,
Let us avoid the opposite Extremes
Of Negligence supine, and prostrate Fear.——
Already hath our Vigilance perform'd
What Caution justifies: And for thy Dream;
As such consider it.—The vain Effect
Of an Imagination long disturb'd.—
Life with substantial Ills, enough is curs'd:
Why should we then, with frantic Zeal, pursue
Unreal Care; and with th' illusive Form
Which our own teeming Brain produc'd, affright
Our Reason from her Throne?

Queen. In all your Course
Of youthful Glory, when the guiding Hand
Of warlike *Henry* led you to the Field?
When my Soul suffer'd the successive Pangs
Of fond Impatience and repressive Fear:
When ev'ry reeking Messenger from *France*,
Wreath'd a new Garland for *Albania*'s Prince,
And shook my Bosom with the dreadful Tale
That spoke your Praise; say, did my weak Despair
Recal you from the Race?—Did not my Heart
Espouse your Fame, and patiently await

The End of your Career?—O! by the Joys
I felt at your Return, when ſmiling Love
Secure, with Rapture reign'd.—O! by theſe Tears,
Which ſeldom plead; indulge my boding Soul!
Arrouſe your conqu'ring Troops; let *Angus* guard
The Convent with a choſen Band.—The Soul
Of Treaſon is abroad!—

King. Ye ruling Powers!
Let me not wield the Sceptre of this Realm,
When my degen'rate Breaſt becomes the Haunt
Of haggard Fear.—O! what a Wretch is he,
Whoſe fev'rous Life devoted to the gloom
Of Superſtition, feels th' inceſſant Throb
Of ghaſtly Pannic!—In whoſe ſtartled Ear
The Knell ſtill deepens, and the Raven croaks!

Queen. Vain be my Terrors—my Preſages vain—
Yet with my fond Anxiety comply,
And my Repoſe reſtore!—Not for myſelf——
Not to prolong the Seaſon of my Life,
Am I thus ſuppliant——Ah no! for you—
For you whoſe Being gladdens and protects
A grateful People.—You, whoſe parent Boughs
Defends your tender Offspring from the Blaſts
That ſoon would tear them up!—For you, the Source
Of all our Happineſs and Peace, I fear! [*Kneels.*

King. Ariſe, my Queen—O! thou art all compos'd
Of melting Piety and tender Love!
Thou ſhalt be ſatisfy'd—Is ev'ry Guard
By *Angus* viſited?—

Dunb. Ev'n now, my Liege,
With *Ramſay* and his Troop, he ſcours the Plain.

King. Still watchful o'er his Charge——The lib'ral Hand
Of Bounty will have nothing to beſtow,
'Ere *Angus* ceaſe to merit!—Say, *Dunbar*,
Who rules the nightly Watch?

Dunb. To *Cattan*'s Care
The City Guard is ſubject.

King. I have mark'd
Much Valour in him.——Hie thee to him, Youth,
And bid him with a choſen few, ſurround

The

The Cloiſters of the Convent; and remain
'Till Morn full ſtreaming ſhall relieve his Watch.
[*Exit* Dunbar.
Thus ſhall Repoſe, with glad Aſſurance, waft
Its balmy Bleſſing to thy troubled Breaſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

Grime. Thus far, brave *Cattan*, Fortune ſeems inclin'd
To recompenſe us for the Day's Diſgrace.—
Our Band conceal'd within the Cloiſters, wait
With Eagerneſs and Joy the auſpicious Hour,
To perpetrate the Deed.—It now remains,
To regulate our Conduct, and to each
His Share of this great Enterprize aſſign.—
If *Angus* lives, in vain our Arms devote
The Uſurper and his Progeny to Death:
His Power and Principles will ſtill ſupply
Freſh Obſtacles, which all our future Efforts
Can ne'er ſurmount
Cat. Then let our Swords prevent
All further Oppoſition, and at once
Diſmiſs him to the Shades.
Grime. Thine be the Taſk—
I know with what juſt Indignation burns
Thy gen'rous Hate, againſt the partial Thane,
Who, to thine Age and Services, preferr'd
A raw unpractis'd Stripling.
Cat. Ha!—no more.
The bare Remembrance tortures me!—O *Grime!*
How will my Soul his mortal Groans enjoy!
Grime. While we within perform th' intrepid Blow,
To his Apartment thou ſhalt move alone;
Nor will Pretence be wanting: Say, thou bring'ſt
Intelligence important, that demands
His inſtant Ear:—Then ſhalt thou find thy Foe
Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my Tongue
Inſtruct thee further?

Cat. No,—let my Revenge
Suggeſt what follows—By the Pow'rs of Hell!
I will be drunk with Vengeance!

Grime. To thy Guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch 'till he returns
With *Ramſay* from the Plain.—But ſee! they come,
We muſt avoid them, and retire unſeen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment.*

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

Ang. By Heav'n, it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The duſky Plain, by the Fires half extinct,
Are ſeen the Soldiers, roll'd in Heaps confus'd,
The Slaves of brutal Appetite.—Save thoſe
Beneath thy Diſcipline, ſcarce one remains
From the Contagion free.

Ramſ. When we return'd
Fatigu'd from Battle, Numbers brought, unaſk'd,
Refreſhments for the wounded from the Town:
Thence, the Temptation ſpread from Rank to Rank,
And few reſiſted.

Ang. But that I conſult
My King's Tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted Citizens with an Alarm,
An hundred Trumpets ſhould this inſtant raiſe
Their brazen Throats together, and arouſe
Th' extended Sluggards.——Go, my valiant Friend,
And with thy uninfected Troop attend
To ev'ry Motion of th' incertain Night.
[*Exit* Ramſay.

SCENE IV.

Ang. Now the loud Tempeſt of the toilful Day
Subſides into a Calm.—And yet my Soul
Still labours thro' the Storm!—By Day or Night,
In florid Youth, or mellow Age, ſcarce fleets
One Hour without its Care!—Not Sleep itſelf

Is

Is ever balmy; for the ſhadowy Dream
Oft bears ſubſtantial Woe!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

Cat. My noble Lord,
Within the Portal as I kept my Watch,
Swift gliding Shadows by the glimm'ring Moon,
I could perceive in Forms of armed Men,
Poſſeſs the Space that borders on the Porch—
I queſtion'd thrice; they yie'ded no Reply:
And now the Soldiers, rang'd in cloſe Array,
Wait your Command.

Ang. Quick, lead me to the Place—
Foul Treaſon is at work!—

Cat. It were not good
To venture forth unarm'd.—Couragious Thane,
Receive this Dagger.— *Attempts to ſtab* Angus, *who wreſts the Dagger from him, and kills him.*

Ang. Ha, perfidious Slave!
What means this baſe Attempt?—Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape.

Cat Curſe on my feeble Arm that fail'd to ſtrike
The Poignard to thy Heart!—How like a Dog
I tamely fall deſpis'd!

Ang. Fell Ruffian! ſay,
Who ſet thee on?—This Treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to ſome dreadful Scene!—

Cat. Juſt are thy Terrors.—By the Infernal Gulph
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the Abyſs with Joy, could the Succeſs
Of *Athol* feaſt my Senſe!
[*A Noiſe of claſhing Swords and Shrieks.*
—Hah!—now the Sword
Of Slaughter ſmoaks—Th' exulting Thane ſurveys
Th' imperial Scene; while grimly ſmiling *Grime*
With purple Honours deck'd.—

Ang. Tremend'ous Powers!
Cat. O'er the ſain Tyrant ſtrides— *Dies.*
Ang. Heav'n ſhield us all!
Amazing Horror chills me!—Ha, *Dunbar!*
Then Treaſon triumphs!—O my Son! my Son!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, *wounded.*

Dunb. I ſought thee, noble Thane, while yet my Limbs
Obey their Lord.—I ſought thee, to unfold
My Zealous Soul, 'ere yet ſhe takes her Flight.—
Stretch'd on the Ground, theſe Eyes beheld the King
Transfix'd a lifeleſs Coarſe! And ſaw this Arm
Too late to ſave—too feeble to avenge him!—
Ang. Weep *Caledonia*, weep!—Thy Peace is ſlain—
Thy Father and thy King!—O! this Event,
Like a vaſt Mountain loads my ſtaggering Soul,
And cruſhes all her Pow'rs!—But ſay, my Friend,
If yet thy Strength permits, how this befel.
Dunb. A Band of Rebels, glean'd from the Defeat,
By *Athol*, lurk'd behind the adjacent Hills:
Theſe, faithleſs *Cattan*, favour'd by the Night,
Admitted to the City, join'd their Power
With his corrupted Guard, and hither led them
Unmark'd, where ſoon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
Alarm'd, I ſtrove—but ſtrove, alas! in vain.
To the ſad Scence 'ere I could force my Way,
Our Monarch was no more! Around him lay
An Heap of Traitors, whom his ſingle Arm
Had ſlain before he fell.—Th' unhappy Queen,
Who, to defend her Conſort's, had oppos'd
Her own defenceleſs Frame, expiring, pour'd
Her mingling Blood in copious Stream with his!
Ang. Illuſtrious Victims!—O diſaſt'rous Fate!
Unfeeling Monſters! Execrable Fiends!
To wanton thus in royal Blood!

Dunb.

Dunb. O Thane!
How ſhall I ſpeak the Sequel of my Tale!
How will thy fond parental Heart be rent
With mortal Anguiſh, when my Tongue relates
The Fate of *Eleonora!*

Ang. Ha!——my Fears
Anticipate thy Words!—O ſay, *Dunbar,*
How fares my Child!

Dunb. The Shades of endleſs Night
Now ſettle o'er her Eyes!—heroic Maid!
She to th' aſſaulted Threſhold bravely ran,
And with her ſnowy Arm, ſupply'd a Bolt
To bar their Entrance:—But the barb'rous Crew
Broke in impet'ous, cruſh'd her ſlender Limb,
When *Grime*, his Dagger brandiſhing, exclaim'd,
Behold the Sorc'reſs whoſe accurſed Charms
Betray'd the Youth; and whoſe invet'rate Sire
This Day revers'd our Fortune in the Field!—
This for Revenge!—then plung'd it in her Breaſt!—

Ang. Infernal Homicide!

Dunb. There—there I own
He vanquiſh'd me indeed!—What tho' I ruſh'd
Thro' many a Wound, and in th' Aſſaſſin's Heart
Imbrew'd my faithful Steel.—But ſee, where comes
By her Attendants led, the bleeding Fair!

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA *wounded and ſupported.*

Eleo. Here ſet me down—vain is your kind Concern.—
Ah! who, with parent Tenderneſs, will bleſs
My parting Soul, and cloſe my beamleſs Eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious Care
To the cold Grave commit my pale Remains! [*Swoons.*

Ang. O Miſery!——look up—thy Father calls—
[*Embracing her.*

Eleo. What Angel borrows that paternal Voice!
Ha! lives my Father!—Ye propitious Powers!
He folds me in his Arms—Yes, he ſurvives
The Havock of this Night!—O let me now
Yield up my fervent Soul with raptur'd Praiſe,

For

For *Angus* lives t' avenge his murder'd Prince,
To ſave his Country, and protract his Blaze
Of Glory, farther ſtill!

Ang. And is it thus,
The melting Parent claſps his darling Child!
My Heart is torn with agonizing Pangs
Of complicated Woe!

Dunb. The Public craves
Immediate Aid from thee—But I wax weak.—
Our Infant King ſurrounded in the Fort,
Demands thy preſent Help.—

Ang. Yes, loyal Youth!
Thy glorious Wounds inſtruct me, what I owe
To my young Sov'reign, and my Country's Peace!
But how ſhall I ſuſtain the rav'nous Tribe
Of various Griefs, that gnaw me all at once?
My royal Maſter falls, my Country groans,
And cruel fate has raviſh'd from my Side
My deareſt Daughter and my beſt lov'd Friend!

Dunb. Thy Praiſe ſhall be thy Daughter; and thy Friend
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honeſt Breaſt.

Ang. Muſt we than part for ever!—What a Plan
Of peaceful Happineſs, my Hope had laid
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading Flower,
How faſt thy Sweets conſume!—come to my Arms,
That I may taſte them e're they fleet away!

[*Embracing her.*

O exquiſite Diſtreſs!

Eleo. For me, my Father,
For me let not the bootleſs Tear diſtil.—
Soon ſhall I be with thoſe, who reſt ſecure
From all th' Inclemencies of ſtormy Life.

Ang. Adieu, my Children!—never ſhall I hear
Thy cheering Voice again!—a long Farewel!

[*Exit* Angus.

SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

Dunb. Soon ſhall our ſhort'ned Race of Life be run—
Our Day already haſtens to its Cloſe;

And

And Night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch
The Land of Peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
The toſſing Wave from which I ſhall be free:
No Reſt will greet me on the ſilent Shore,
If *Eleonora* ſends me hence unbleſs'd.

Eleo. Diſtemper'd Paſſion (when we parted laſt)
Uſurp'd my troubled Boſom, and *Dunbar*
With Horror was beheld: But Reaſon now
With genial Mildneſs beams upon my Soul,
And repreſents thee juſtly, as thou art,
The tend'reſt Lover and the gentleſt Friend.

Dunb. O Tranſport, to my Breaſt unknown before!
Not the ſoft Breeze, upon its fragrant Wings,
Wafts ſuch refreſhing Gladneſs to the Heart
Of Panting Pilgrims, as thy balmy Words
To my exhauſted Spirits!—but alas!
Thy purple Stream of Life forſakes, apace,
Its precious Channels!—on thy poliſh'd Cheek
The blowing Roſes fade; and o'er thine Eyes
Death ſheds a miſty Languor!

Eleo. Let me lean
Upon thy friendly Arm—Yet, O retire!
That guilty Arm!—Say, did it ne'er rebel
Againſt my Peace?—But let me not revolve
Thoſe Sorrows now.—Were Heav'n again to raiſe
That once lov'd Head that lies (alas) ſo low!
And from the Verge of Death my Life recal;
What Joy could viſit my forlorn Eſtate,
Self-doom'd to hopeleſs Woe!

Dunb. Muſt I then wander
A penſive Shade, along the dreary Vale,
And groan for ever under thy Reproach!

Eleo. Ah no! thou faithful Youth, ſhall I repay
Thy Love and Virtue with ungrateful Hate?
Theſe Wounds that waſte ſo laviſhly thy Life,
Were they not all receiv'd in my Defence?
May no Repoſe embrace me in the Tomb,
If my Soul mourns not thy untimely Fall
With Siſter-Woe!—thy Paſſion has not reap'd
The ſweet Returns its Purity deſerv'd.

Dunb.

Dunb. A while forbear, pale Miniſter of Fate,
Forbear a while; and on my raviſh'd Ear
Let the laſt Muſic of this dying Swan,
Steal in ſoft Blandiſhment, divinely ſweet!
Then ſtrike th' unerring Blow.—
Eleo. That thus, our Hopes
Which bloſſom'd num'rous as the flow'ry Spring,
Are nipp'd untimely, ere the Sun of Joy
Matur'd them into Fruit; repine not, Youth.—
Life hath its various Seaſons, as the Year;
And after cluſt'ring Autumn—but I faint—
Support me nearer—in rich Harveſt's Rear
Bleak Winter muſt have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
The leaden Hand of Death lie heavy on me.—
Thine Image ſwims before my ſtraining Eye.—
—And now it diſappears.—Speak—bid Adieu
To the loſt *Eleonora*.—Not a Word!
—Not one Farewel!— Alas! that diſmal Groan
Is eloquent Diſtreſs!—Celeſtial Pow'rs
Protect my Father, ſhow'r upon his—Oh! [*Dies.*
Dunb. There fled the pureſt Soul that ever dwelt
In mortal Clay!—I come, my Love! I come—
Where now the roſy Tincture of theſe Lips!
The Smile that Grace ineffable diffus'd!
The Glance that ſmote the Soul with ſilent Wonder!
The Voice that ſooth'd the Anguiſh of Diſeaſe,
And held Attention captive!—Let me kiſs
This pale deſerted Temple of my Joy!
This, Chaſtity, this, thy unſpotted Shade
Will not refuſe.—I feel the grieſly King—
Thro' all my Veins he ſhivers like the North—
O *Eleonora!* as my flowing Blood
Is mix'd with thine.—So may our mingling Souls
To Bliſs ſupernal wing our happy—Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE the Laſt.

ANGUS, RAMSAY, ATHOL, *&c. Priſoners.*

Ang. Bright Deeds of Glory hath thine Arm atchiev'd,
Couragious *Ramſay*; and thy Name ſhall live

For

For ever in the Annals of Renown.—
—But ſee, where ſilent as the Noon of Night
Theſe Lovers lie!—reſt—reſt, ill-fated Pair!
Your dear Remembrance ſhall for ever dwell
Within the Breaſt of *Angus*; and his Love
Oft with paternal Tears bedew your Tomb!

Ramſ. O fatal Scene of Innocence deſtroy'd!

Ang. [*To Athol.*] O bloody Author of this Night's Miſhap!
Whoſe impious Hands are with the ſacred Blood
Of Majeſty diſtain'd!—Contemplate here
The Havock of thy Crimes; and then bethink thee,
What Vengeance craves.—

Ath. With Inſolence of Speech
How dares thy Tongue, licentious, thus inſult
Thy Sov'reign, *Angus?*—Madly hath thy Zeal
Eſpous'd a ſinking Cauſe.—But thou may'ſt ſtill
Deſerve my future Favour.—

Ang. O thou Stain
Of fair Nobility!—thou Bane of Faith!
Thou Woman-killing Coward, who haſt crept
To the unguarded Throne, and ſtabb'd thy Prince!
What hath thy Treaſon, blaſted as it is,
To bribe the Soul of *Angus* to thy Views?

Ath. Soon ſhalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me thy lawful Prince.——Yes, talking Lord,
The Day will ſoon appear, when I ſhall riſe
In Majeſty and Terror to aſſert
My Country's Freedom; and, at laſt, avenge
My own peculiar Wrongs.—When thou, and all
Thoſe grov'ling Sycophants, who bow'd the Knee
To the Uſurper's arbitrary Sway,
Will fawn on me.——Yet temporizing Slaves!
Unchain your King; and teach your humble Mouths
To kiſs the Duſt beneath my royal Feet.—
[*To the Guard.*

Ang. The Day will ſoon appear!—Day ſhall not thrice
Return, before thy Carcaſe be caſt forth
Unbury'd, to the Dogs and Beaſts of Prey.——

Of,

Or, high-exalted, putrify in Air
The Monument of Treaſon.—

Ath. Empty Threat!
Fate hath foretold that *Athol* ſhall be crown'd.

Ang. Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou ſhalt be crown'd—
An Iron Crown, intenſely hot, ſhall gird
Thy hoary Temples; while the ſhouting Crowd
Acclaims thee King of Traitors.

Ath. Lakes of Fire!—
Ha! ſaid'ſt thou Lord!—a glowing Iron Crown
Shall gird my hoary Temples!—Now I feel
Myſelf awake to Miſery and Shame!
Ye Sceptres, Diadems and rolling Trains
Of flatt'ring Pomp, farewel!—Curſe on thoſe Dreams
Of idle Superſtition, that enſnare
Th' ambitious Soul to Wickedneſs and Woe!
Curſe on thy Virtue, which hath overthrown
My elevated Hopes! and may Deſpair
Deſcend in Peſtilence on all Mankind!

Ang. Thy Curſe, juſt Heav'n, retorts upon thyſelf!
To ſep'rate Dungeons, lead the Regicides.—

[*Exit Guard with the Priſoners.*

From Thirſt of Rule what dire Diſaſters flow!
How flames that Guilt Ambition taught to glow!
Wiſh gains on Wiſh, Deſire ſurmounts Deſire;
Hope fanns the Blaze, and envy feeds the Fire:
From Crime to Crime aſpires the madd'ning Soul;
Nor Laws, nor Oaths, nor Fears its Rage controul;
'Till Heaven, at length, awakes, ſupremely juſt,
And levels all its tow'ring Schemes in Duſt.

FINIS.

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